

# The Sketch

No. 1108.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1914.

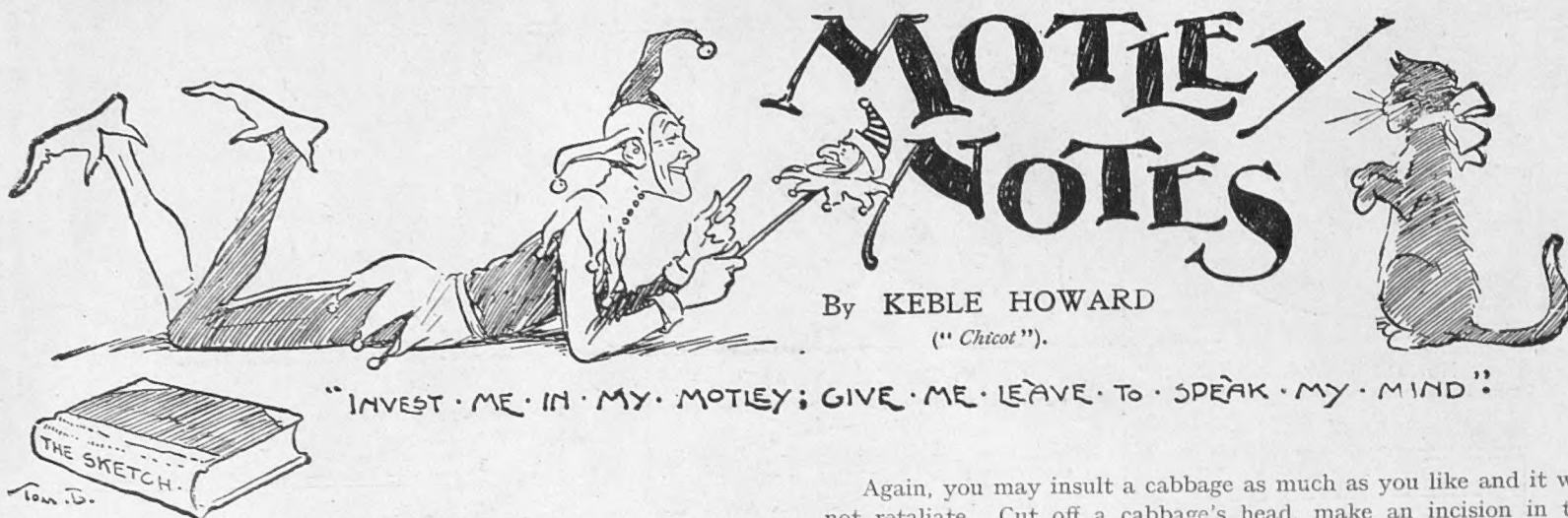
SIXPENCE.



AND IT? MR. ROBERT LEONARD AS MAWRUSS PERLMUTTER AND MR. AUGUSTUS YORKE AS ABE POTASH  
IN "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER," AN UP-TO-DATE GARMENT IN THREE PIECES, AT THE QUEEN'S.

Potash and Perlmutter are the Jewish partners of a tailoring establishment; hence three pieces made by our special designer from the finest material. Trimmed with a  
the fact that the play bearing their names is described as "an up-to-date garment in thousand laughs and guaranteed to fit all sizes and ages."





### Opening Up Surrey.

I have discovered that it is possible to like a thing and, at the same time, to dislike it. You may like a thing for your own sake, and dislike it for the sake of others; or you may dislike it for yourself, and like it for others. I made this discovery when I read of the scheme to "open up" Surrey by means of a motor-bus service. I happen to live in Surrey, far enough from London to be in the country. For my own sake, naturally, I would rather that Surrey was not opened up by means of a motor-bus service. On the other hand, for the sake of those who will take advantage of this movement, I am very glad.

But one suggestion I will make, if I may, in the hope that these lines meet the eyes of those who are about to conduct this campaign. I want to suggest to them that the motor-buses by means of which Surrey is to be opened up should be specially constructed with some artistic taste, and that they should not be smothered with advertisements. It seems to me an illogical thing to praise the beauties of Surrey, to offer to show these beauties to the tired dwellers in the town for a small fee, and then to do the very thing that will mar the beauties that you have to show. A huge motor-bus smothered with advertisements is all very well for the streets of London, but it is a hideous monstrosity when it careers between green hedges along a country road.

### The 'Bus Beautiful.

Surely it would be worth while to design and build motor-buses suitable for this philanthropic service? In the first place, the ordinary motor-bus is far too heavy for the country roads, and far too unwieldy for country hills. That has been proved by numerous accidents that will be within the memory of all. The 'bus beautiful, then, should display no advertisements of any kind, and all the seats should be outside seats. If the day is fine, everybody rides on the roof; whilst, if the day is wet, you will not lure people into the country at all.

I shall be told that the inside seats are necessary in case of a sudden change in the weather. But that difficulty can easily be overcome by providing the 'buses for country service with a hood such as is used with an open touring-car, and side-curtains. It is really preposterous to propel those great perambulating hoardings along the roads that are now bursting with the fresh leaves and hedge flowers.

I call upon the users of these 'buses to support me in this matter. They come into the country because it is beautiful, but it will not long be beautiful if they help to spoil it. Let them insist on riding on some lighter, more decorative vehicle, and the 'bus beautiful will soon come to pass. Everything, always, is in the hands of the public. The public should always insist upon having what it wants.

### The Nature of the Cabbage.

Dr. Leonard Guthrie is credited with the remark that "anyone who has not the nature of a cabbage is neurotic."

Personally, I cannot help thinking that this is an extreme thing to say. I never pretend to argue with any sort of doctor, because the very term "doctor" implies deep wells of knowledge that cannot fail to inspire the mere layman with awe, but I feel bound to tell Dr. Leonard Guthrie that I am not with him in his unbounded admiration for the cabbage. A cabbage, in my opinion, is a poor, spiritless thing, and I do not care if any cabbage hears me say so. There is more kick in a potato than in a cabbage. I have been cautioned against eating potatoes, but no doctor ever yet warned me against eating cabbages. In fact, anyone can eat a cabbage, even a small and delicate child.

Again, you may insult a cabbage as much as you like and it will not retaliate. Cut off a cabbage's head, make an incision in the stalk, and the cabbage will meekly grow another head. That is not a noble example to set the human race.

Cabbages have only themselves to thank that they remain cabbages. I suspect that they always have been cabbages, and always will be. You cannot say that about any other vegetable. Other vegetables yearn for a higher existence, and will, in course of time, attain to their ideals. But a cabbage never yearns. It may not be neurotic, it may have a more placid temperament than a French bean, but it is, and will for ever remain, the least inspiring or inspired vegetable in the vegetable kingdom.

### Definition of a Kiss.

The Imperial German Supreme Court at Leipzig has just taken upon itself to define a kiss. Here is the definition—

"A kiss is the reaction upon the body of another, and always requires the permission of the kissed person. Without such permission one may only kiss if one is certain of the other's tacit consent—that is to say, in the case of relatives, parents, and children or lovers. If the other is not only coy but also gravely objects to being kissed, it is to be assumed that such a person considers the kiss an illegal interference with his or her personal freedom and a violation of his or her honour. Anyone who inflicts a kiss upon another under such circumstances is guilty of assault and battery."

Very well, then. Presuming that this definition will be upheld by the English courts, I shall at once bring a large number of actions for assault and battery. I have been kissed, entirely against my will, by all kinds of female persons. I shall bring the actions upon these grounds—

- (a) I did not give my permission.
- (b) They were by no means certain of my tacit consent.
- (c) I gravely objected to being kissed by these persons.
- (d) I considered these kisses an illegal interference with my personal freedom.

I may add that I was unable to defend myself at the time, being a baby in arms.

### "Wanted—a Castle."

A daily paper contained, a few days ago, the following announcement—

"Has anyone an historic castle or manor to sell in the home counties? It must be famous for its architecture. It must be large (thirty or forty bedrooms at least). It must have plenty of land about it. For the right place a fancy price will be given. Money no object. Half a million ready waiting. A poor rich man is homeless and pathetically anxious to find some place he can call his own."

But the thing is so simple. I can tell the poor rich man at once how to secure a castle or manor in the home counties, famous for its architecture, with thirty or forty bedrooms and plenty of land about it. He must build one. There are architects to-day who can build castles and manors even more beautiful than the castles and manors built by our forefathers, with the added advantage that they can make them healthy and convenient as well. All this striving for an old place merely on account of its age is the sheerest nonsense. It is the duty of such men as the poor rich man mentioned in the paragraph to add to the beauty of the world by building an entirely new castle or manor, and it is also his duty to encourage the modern architect with really artistic ideas to carry on his profession. Even architects do not want to be for ever patching up the work of the unscientific and no more gifted architects who had their day hundreds of years ago.



FOR THOSE WITH THE READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT HABIT!



1. COUNTESS NADA TORBY, VISCOUNTESS CURZON, MISS DE TRAFFORD, MR. DE TRAFFORD, COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE. (LEFT TO RIGHT).
2. THE HON. EVAN MORGAN, MISS DE TRAFFORD, COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, COUNT MICHAEL TORBY, THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN, THE EARL OF CRAVEN, VISCOUNTESS CURZON, COUNTESS POTOCKA, AND LORD TREDEGAR—ON LORD TREDEGAR'S YACHT, AT CANNES. (LEFT TO RIGHT).

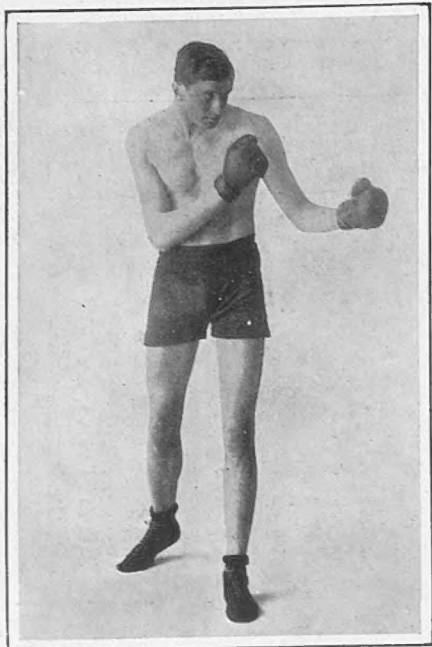
"Sketch" readers, we have been told in a humorous article, have learnt the "reading from left to right" habit: that is well, for they want it for the photographs given above.—Count Michael Torby and Countesses Nada and Zia are the children of the

Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby.—Viscountess Curzon is the wife of Earl Howe's son.—Viscount Castlerosse is the eldest son of the Earl of Kenmare.—The Hon. Evan Morgan is the only son of Lord Tredegar.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MR. GEORGE MITCHELL—FOR BEING A CREDIT TO THE CITY OF WORSTED MILLS, THOUGH WORSTED IN HIS MILL WITH CARPENTIER.



DR. KATHERINE BEMENT DAVIS—FOR PROVING THAT WOMAN CAN BE AN ADMINISTERING ANGEL ON EARTH—AND IN THE TOMBS.



MLLE. MARTHE CARPENTIER—FOR BEING UNABLE TO RESIST THE ASSOCIATIONS OF HER NAME AND LOOKING IRRESISTIBLE.

Mr. George Mitchell, the amateur boxer whose plucky and sporting match with Carpentier aroused so much interest, is a son of Mr. Tom Mitchell, a well-known Bradford mill-owner, himself formerly a noted boxer and wrestler.—Dr. Katherine Bement Davis has been appointed by the Mayor of New York as Commissioner of Correction, in which capacity she will control the Tombs and various other prisons and reformatories. She is the first woman to hold this post.—Mlle. Marthe Carpentier, the French girl boxer, is said to be no relation of the famous Georges.—Among the candidates for the directorship of the Odéon is the well-known Parisian actress, Mme. Berthe Bady. She has played leading lady in "La Femme Nue" and "La Vierge Folle."—Our photograph of the fair "Steeple-Jill" of New York is thus described: "Miss Constance Bennett, whose



MME. BERTHE BADY—FOR THINKING THAT "LA FEMME NUE" OR "LA VIERGE FOLLE" WOULD MAKE A GOOD DIRECTOR OF THE ODÉON.



MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT — FOR "DAZING WALL STREET AND ALL DOWNTOWN WITH A STEEPLE-JILL STUNT FOR THE MOVIES."



MR. W. W. GRANTHAM—FOR SHOWING THAT GENTLEMAN-SMOCKS AS WELL AS LADY-SMOCKS CAN "PAINT THE (SUSSEX) MEADOWS WITH DELIGHT."



MR. LOUIS NOEL—FOR HIS PLUCK IN SHOWING THAT TO "MIND HOW YOU FALL" IS ONE OF THE GREAT ARTS OF AIRMANSHIP.

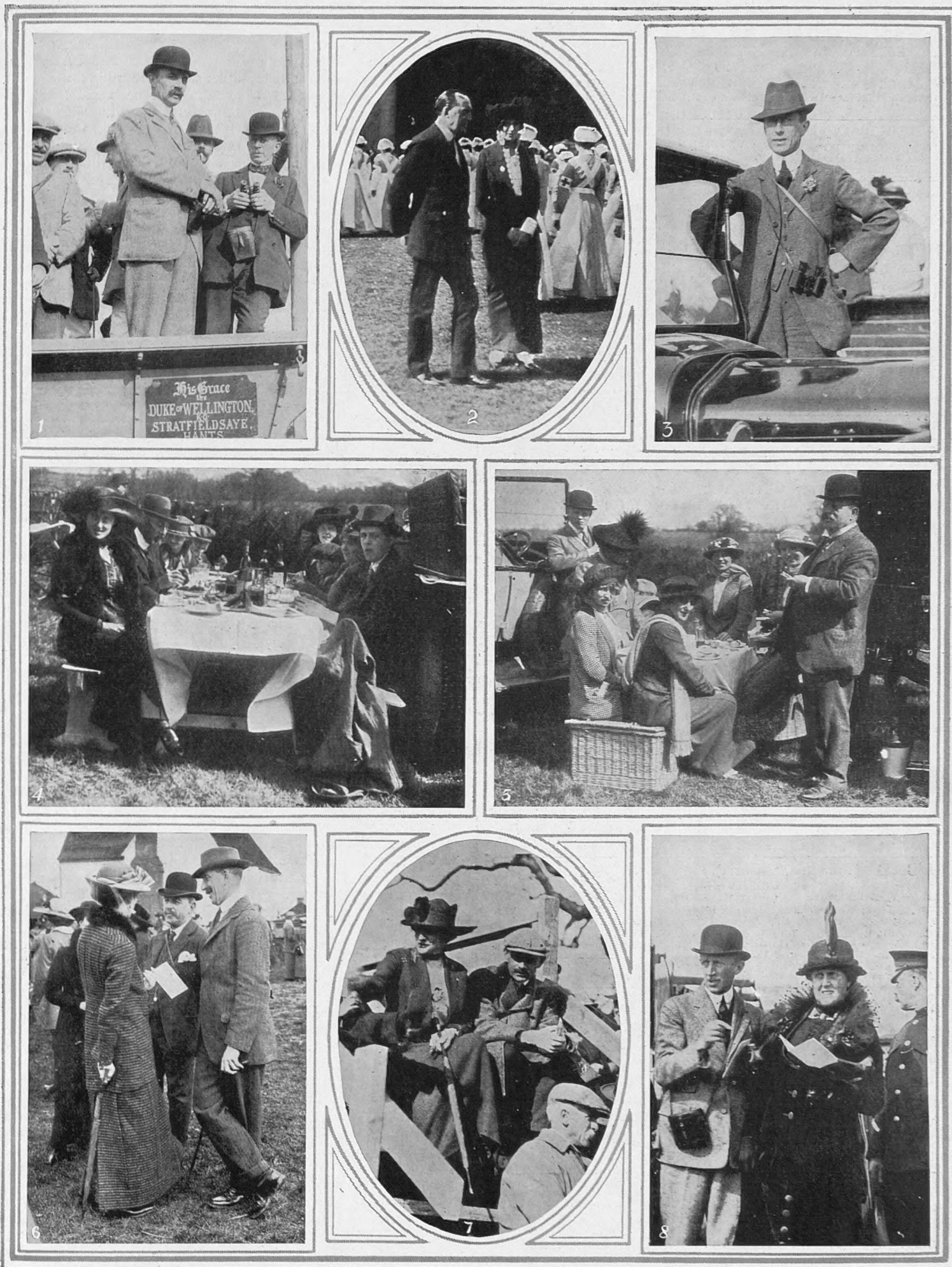


MLLE. LENGLEN—FOR SHOWING THAT YOUTH IS NOT ONLY AN ADVANTAGE, BUT OFTEN GAME AND SET INTO THE BARGAIN.

profession is risking her young blood and care-free existence in leaps from East River bridges . . . and similar gentle little stunts for the movies. . . . yesterday sent shivers along the spines of a few thousand New Yorkers." She climbed an 85-foot flag-pole on the 340-foot Equitable Trust Building.—Mr. W. W. Grantham son of the late Mr. Justice Grantham, and himself a barrister, Recorder of Deal, and member of the L.C.C., exchanges wig and gown for a shepherd's smock when he goes down to his place in Sussex.—Mr. Louis Noel averted disaster at Hendon when his aeroplane went wrong after two loops. He and his passenger, Prince Léon Sap'eha, escaped, though the machine was wrecked.—Mlle. Lenglen, the little French tennis prodigy, beat Miss E. Ryan (last year's North of England Lady Champion) in the Ladies' Championship of the Carlton Tournament at Cannes.



## POINT - TO - POINTS ; AND A POINT FOR M.P.s.



1. MR. H. W. BOILEAU, RETIRING MASTER, WHO ACTED AS JUDGE AND WAS PRESENTED WITH A CHEQUE, AT THE SOUTH BERKS HUNT MEETING.
2. SIR EDWARD CARSON AND VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD INSPECTING ULSTER VOLUNTEER FORCE NURSES.
3. MR. W. A. MOUNT, M.P. FOR THE NEWBURY DIVISION OF BERKSHIRE, AT THE SOUTH BERKS HUNT MEETING.
4. MR. CHARLES HUNTER, LORD CLIFTON, ELDER SON OF THE EARL

The South Berks Hunt held their meeting over the Duke of Wellington's estate at Stratfield Saye. At the luncheon, Mr. H. W. Boileau, the retiring Master, was presented with a cheque, a gift from members and supporters of the Hunt.—The Essex Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held at North Weald.—The meeting of Lady Gifford's Harriers was held near Chichester.—[Photographs by Alfieri, C.N., Newspaper Illustrations, L.N.A., and Topical.]

- OF DARNLEY (ON RIGHT) AND PARTY LUNCHING IN THE HUNT PADDOCK, AT THE ESSEX HUNT MEETING.
5. COLONEL CHARRINGTON AND PARTY LUNCHING IN THE HUNT PADDOCK, AT THE ESSEX HUNT MEETING.
6. COLONEL R. B. COLVIN, C.B., AT THE ESSEX HUNT MEETING.
7. LORD AND LADY MARCH, AT LADY GIFFORD'S HARRIERS POINT-TO-POINTS.
8. SOPHIE, LADY GIFFORD (WIDOW OF THE THIRD LORD GIFFORD) MASTER OF LADY GIFFORD'S HARRIERS.



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EVERY EVENING at 8. Matinée Sats. at 2. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production  
AFTER THE GIRL. A Revusical Comedy. Box-office Gerrard 2780. 10 to 10.

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and ESPINOSA. Grand National and City and Sub. on Bioscope. Specially selected Varieties.  
Evenings at 8. Manager, Oscar Barrett, jun.

**PALLADIUM,** Argyll Street, W. CHARLES GULLIVER,  
MANAG. & DIRECTOR. The best entertainment at the Most Comfortable Theatre  
in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinee Monday, Wednesday, and  
Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s.

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is held on the premises of the above club—7, OLD BOND STREET—and has set the HIGH  
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THE SCHOOL IS OPEN TO MEMBERS AND NON-MEMBERS FOR  
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Sets with 96 Cards, Bag, and Rules, 2/6. International Card Co., 96-98, Leadenhall St., E.C.

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Shower, Carbonic Acid, Mud, Steam, Hot-Air, etc., baths. Swedish Gymnastics, Massage,  
Beautiful Forests, Walks, Theatre, Concerts, Tennis, Golf, Horse-Racing, etc.  
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CRIMEA, VIENNA. ALGERIA and TUNISIA.  
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protection, inside or outside, town or country, against tramps, burglars etc.—for lonely walks,  
night watchmen &c.—From 4 gns. Pups, 2 gns. Smooth Fox Terriers, Rough Fox Terriers,  
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20 gns. Major Richardson, Grove End, Harrow. Tel. 423. (20 minutes Baker Street.)

#### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Five (January 7 to  
April 1, 1914) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any  
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

### THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE ought to be a very hearty welcome for the two American  
Hebrew character-comedians, Messrs. Robert Leonard and  
Augustus Yorke, who have recently arrived at the Queen's  
Theatre. They are remarkably entertaining fellows. They seem  
made for each other, and the play they appear in seems clearly made  
for them. "Potash and Perlmutter" is not much as a play: just  
enough to make a not-too-obtrusive background to a couple of  
Hebrew business men whose antics of language and expressive faces  
and hands make three acts of almost continuous laughter. The  
two characters are well contrasted, and each, though no doubt  
exaggerated, bears the stamp of being a careful study of a living type,  
and we gather from them some delightfully quaint ideas of the  
business life of New York on its lighter side. Possibly the traveller,  
the solicitor, and the buyer that we see do New York an injustice:  
Mr. Montague Glass, the author, must bear any blame there is for  
that. But they are very funny; and as for the two central figures,  
they are a continual delight both in their humour, in their quarrel-  
ling, and in their sentiment, and a shorthand writer might take down  
from their lips more new and original ways of saying simple things  
than you would ever have believed to be possible. There are also  
some ladies in the play: they have little to do but look beautiful,  
and, led by Miss Madeline Seymour, they manage that supremely  
well.

At the Little Theatre these April afternoons Mrs. Percy Dearmer,  
with "Brer Babbit and Mr. Fox," is proceeding with her schemes  
for the amusement of the young. This time she has taken Uncle  
Remus and sat him at the corner of the stage, and, while he acts as  
an occasional chorus, nice little girls, helped by Mr. Hayden Coffin  
and other grown-up people, go through some of the adventures of  
Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox, Brer Bear and King Deer's Daughter,  
Mr. Kildee and Sindy Ann, all set to quaint music by Mr. Martin  
Shaw. Mr. Coffin, taking his love-affair most seriously and painted  
a coffee-coloured hue, bursts out at intervals into song; Miss Fabia  
Drake is a most attractive little Brer Rabbit; Miss Fay Lilmar  
dances cleverly; Miss Doris Prosser is a little nigger girl with a sense  
of humour; and, among the elders, Miss Evelyn Althaus and Mr.  
Harry Alexander give life to the familiar figures of the fable. It is  
all very simple and very youthful in spirit, and the children for  
whom it is intended should enjoy it much.

Mr. G. R. Sims's famous old melodrama, "The Lights of  
London," can hold its own among all its more modern rivals, and its  
revival at the Aldwych was one of the most popular of the events  
of Easter. The pathetic story of Harold Armytage and Bess, his  
wife, the humours of Jarvis the travelling showman, and the villainy  
of Clifford Armytage and his mistress, Hetty Preene, are the elemental  
things of melodrama expressed in their simplest and most unpre-  
tentious form; and as such they are of historic interest and com-  
mand respect. They also arouse the most tremendous enthusiasm,  
and should fill the theatre for a long time to come. Mr. Lauderdale  
Maitland's experience in a long list of suffering heroes fits him well  
for the part which Wilson Barrett made his own, and Miss Jessie  
Winter makes a very charming little heroine. Mr. Frank Tennant  
is all that evening-dress villainy requires, and the kindly humour of  
Mr. Maitland Marler touches every heart.

The Lyric's new musical comedy, "Mam'selle Tra-la-la," follows  
the rule which is becoming established that Act II. must take place  
in a night club or restaurant, Act I. must show how you got there,  
and Act III. must make it clear that nobody meant any harm. In  
this particular case we wander through an exceptionally complicated  
plot about an elderly gentleman who had to look for a long-lost  
child who had the stray half of a victorious lottery ticket and had  
been put out to nurse in the home of a waiter. Mr. James Blakeley  
does the hunting, and has to explain all sorts of things to a sus-  
picious wife. He is not so extraordinarily good as he was in "The  
Laughing Husband," but he works splendidly and makes his laughs  
with unerring aim. Most of the play is upon his shoulders, and  
fortunately he is strong enough to bear it. Miss Yvonne Arnaud  
is the Mam'selle Tra-la-la who is the reason for the visit to the  
restaurant; but, as we are to understand, she is a quite proper  
young person, and marries well. She is certainly very dainty and  
delightful, and after her first song, which was weak on the first night,  
she proved to be in good voice. Next in importance comes Mr.  
Ernest Hendrie in a very comic sketch of an innocent young man  
wanting an engagement as a clerk; and Mr. Tom Shale, Miss Amy  
Augarde, and Miss Gwladys Gaynor all contribute to what promises  
to be a great success. M. Jean Gilbert has provided several  
attractive airs, a waltz, and some solid choruses; and the dresses  
are, as usual, splendid.

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of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the  
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.





## FOOTBALL AS TRAINING FOR ACTIVE SERVICE: A DEAD EMPRESS OFFICIALLY ALIVE: "OLD GLORY."

**Army Football.** His Majesty the King, who is exceedingly fond of watching football, paid a tribute to the important part that this game plays in the training of the British soldier by motoring over to Aldershot from Windsor to see the final game for the Army Association Cup, in which the team of the Army Service Corps quartered at Woolwich met the team of the 1st Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. This final game between the two crack teams of the Army in Great Britain is the supreme hour to which innumerable other competitions have led up. Every man who is a likely player is tried by his officers for the Company team, and in the matches between the teams of the Companies for the Regimental Championship Shield the best men for the regimental team come to the front. The regimental teams play against each other until the two teams last in play off the great match for the Cup at Aldershot.



ON HER WAY TO AUSTRALIA: MISS MAUD ALLAN, THE CLASSICAL DANCER, WITH HER FRIEND DR. CHARLES HARMER.

Miss Allan is here seen aboard ship at Manila, in the Philippines, while on her way to Australia, where she is on a dancing tour. She will return to London in the autumn.

bullets are flying about, and the rush of the forwards is very like the rush at the moment of assault.

**A Silver Football.** In India, as in England, the great part played by football in making soldiers fit and keeping them fit is fully recognised, and the teams which play at Simla in the final matches on the Annandale ground for the Durand Cup are as carefully trained as were the gladiators in Roman days. The teams from regiments in the plains are sent up to Simla some time before the matches, in order that they may become used to the lighter air of the mountains, and when the final match is played the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief in India are always amongst the spectators. The Cup in India is a silver football on which is inscribed the name of the winning regiment. It was presented by Sir Mortimer Durand, who was in his day a very keen footballer.



THE FIRST OF THE PEARL GIRLS ON HER WAY TO JAPAN: MISS IRIS HOEY SNAPPED—AS SO MANY THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN—WITH THE PIGEONS AT ST. MARK'S, VENICE. Miss Iris Hoey created the part of Miranda Peplow in "The Pearl Girl," which is still running at the Shaftesbury. Miss Fay Compton, widow of H. G. Pellissier, is the new Miranda.

### The Etiquette of Dying.

There never surely was a grimmer journey made than that of the Dowager Empress of Japan when she came for the last time to Tokio. She had died in her palace in the country; but it is held to be impossible that a member of the reigning family can expire anywhere except in Tokio, and therefore the dead Empress, supposed to be still living, came back to the palace in the capital with all the ceremony that attended her when alive. She journeyed in a royal saloon on the train, and was driven through the streets to the palace in a carriage with drawn blinds. The Ministers and great officials of State who would have received her had she been alive were on the station to greet her corpse, and the troops lined the streets and presented arms as she passed. Only the great crowd massed behind the lines of the soldiers kept silence instead of cheering, for they knew that the carriage contained a dead woman.

### The American Flag

No nation in the world has quite the same devotion to its flag as the people of the United States have for "Old Glory." No good American man, woman, or child ever starts on a journey without a little flag in pocket or buttonhole or pinned to a dress; every motor-car in which Americans travel flies its ensign; and on any occasion of American national rejoicing there is always a flutter of small flags wherever the citizens of the United States gather together. It was quite in keeping with the American worship of the Stars and Stripes that when American Marines were arrested illegally by Mexican soldiers the apology demanded should be an artillery salute of the American flag. It was equally typical of the Mexican character that the request was not complied with at once, the reason being given that all the Mexican officials were keeping the Easter holiday.

### A Postponed Salute.

Had General Huerta's artillerymen pleaded that they had run short of powder it would have been quite in conformity with the best Spanish traditions. I was once quartered in a fort in one of our tropical colonies, and it was the duty of the battery of artillery which formed part of the garrison to answer the salute of any foreign war-ship which came into the harbour. As soon as a man-of-war was signalled, the men stood to the guns, that there should be no delay in returning the compliment. Sometimes, if a smart foreign cruiser came in, she would fire the salute as she came to her anchorage. Sometimes a war-ship, when short-handed, fired her salute when she had dropped her anchors. But one Spanish ship did not salute at all; the explanation given by a Spanish officer who landed to pay the official calls was that the ship had run short of powder, that an officer had gone ashore to make the necessary purchase, and that the salute would be fired at any time in the afternoon at which it would be convenient for the fort to reply.



"EL LORD" OF EGYPT IN INDIA, IN EFFIGY: THE STATUE OF LORD KITCHENER IN THE MAIDAN PLEASURE-GROUND, CALCUTTA.

This statue of Lord Kitchener, set up by public subscription, is on the right of that of Lord Roberts, and faces the Red Road. Lord Carmichael, Governor of Bengal, unveiled it on March 21. The correspondent who sent this photograph writes: "The picture shows an incident of the day following the ceremony. The officer in charge of the 12th Riflemen and a Subadar-Major of the 7th Gurkha Rifles, who journeyed over 2000 miles to take part in the ceremony and so honour their Colonel, pay an unofficial visit to the statue the next day. The officer explains the meaning of the panels. The one that interested them most was that of the various types of the Indian Army."



# AND FRIENDS—OF COURSE: WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE CAPTURED



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND (RIGHT) AND A FRIEND.



LORD EDNAM (ON LEFT), SON OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY; AND LADY DIAMOND MANNERS.



LORD GALWAY AND MISS FOSTER.



LADY HOUSTOUN-BOSWALL (RIGHT) AND A FRIEND.

The Rufford Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases took place last week. Here we reproduce snapshots of some well-known people—of course, as the photographer is fond of putting it, with friends—at the meeting.—The Duchess of Portland, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra, was married to the sixth Duke in 1889. She is the only daughter of Mr. Thomas Yorke Dallas-Yorke, of Walmsgate, Louth.—Viscountess Galway, only daughter of the late Mr. Ellis Gosling, of Busbridge Hall, Godalming, married the seventh Viscount in 1879, three years after he had succeeded to the title. Lord Galway was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria and to King Edward VII.



# THE CAMERA MAN AT THE RUFFORD HUNT'S POINT-TO-POINTS.



MRS. WHITTAKER AND LADY GALWAY (RIGHT).



LORD ALTHORP, SON OF EARL SPENCER; AND LADY VICTORIA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.



EARL MANVERS AND A FRIEND.



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AND LORD SAVILE.

and is now an A.D.C. to King George. He was M.P. for Nottinghamshire, North, for thirteen years. His Irish title dates from 1727. He sits in the House of Lords as Baron Monckton, of Serlby, Co. Nottingham, a creation of 1887.—Lady Houstoun-Boswall, wife of Sir George Houstoun-Boswall, Bt., was known before her marriage, which took place last year, as Miss Naomi Anstey. She is the daughter of Colonel Thomas Henry Anstey, formerly of the Royal Engineers—Lord Savile served in the Diplomatic Service and in the Foreign Office for some years.—[Photographs by Topical.]





## MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "NAUGHTY WORD" PLAY.

## The Higgins Theory.

The theory of Professor Henry Higgins is quite interesting: he pretended to be able to identify the place of residence of any individual by listening to his pronunciation of speech. Unfortunately, Mr. Bernard Shaw does not enunciate the theory very clearly. We all know that there are broad local differences sometimes honoured with the term "dialect," but when you take London you will find that the differences are not so much local as social and professional, and this because of the "melting-pot" influence of the Metropolis. You might say that the average barrister can be localised as belonging to the Temple, yet he may live thirty miles away, spend his vacations—nearly a third of the year—abroad, and during a great part of term-time be on circuit in the north; and if he happens to be Scots, Irish, or Welsh of origin and early training, the matter is the more perplexing. Yet, very broadly speaking, barristers talk like one another, not because of locality, but of profession. Professor "Pygmalion" Higgins undertook to make a Cockney flower-girl talk like a Duchess in six months; but one may ask, "Like what kind of Duchess—one from America, or recruited from the musical-comedy stage; a Duchess from Germany, or a Duchess from the north, or a Duchess from the south?" Duchesses are not standardised, as "G. B. S." seems to suggest, nor is English pronunciation. The question as to where English is spoken best has been hotly disputed. Dublin puts in a claim, and so does Edinburgh; Oxford has pretensions, and doubtless Cambridge; and you cannot ignore the "hupper suckles of the Metrolopus." Similar questions arise abroad. Nancy, I believe, is recognised in France as the purist home; as for Germany—well, the cynics say there is no best German; and nobody knows where Dutch is at its doubtless; they tell me that the *lingua Toscana* is not even understood in some parts of the Italian peninsula. Ignorance prevents me from going further abroad, and yet I may timidly remark that I have heard Americans speak of the English "accent," with the accent on the "cent"—but, of course, we know that our cousins are strong on the cents, and stronger on the dollars. Dear old Higgins was a brave man with his system of phonetics and philology, even if the reckless might assert that his own accent is not likely to be adopted officially as a standard of our tongue. However, his experiment led to one thrilling result.

ONE OF THE UNDESERVING POOR: MR. EDMUND GURNEY AS ALFRED DOOLITTLE.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

It led to the word "bloody" being pronounced boldly on our stage, not bloody as a synonym for sanguinary, or reference to Queen Mary, but as what is called a "swear-word," though really it is not. This valuable word, adjective or adverb—which some pretend (incorrectly, I think) is a corruption of "by our Lady"—is not customarily used as a curse. Its exact employment is best indicated by an old story of two workmen speaking of a big house: one of them said, "There's a bloody fine 'ouse," and his mate replied, "Not so bloody neither." It is really a kind

of adverb of vague emphasis, almost a sort of emphatic onomatopœia. Goodness knows why we are so shocked by it, though I confess myself so mealy-mouthed as not to employ it—even in a bunker, or when my fly is hooked in a tree and not in the trout of a lifetime. Our dear newspapers were much bothered. Most of them funk'd it and printed "bl—y"; the *Daily Chronicle* bravely declared itself too genteel to print it in any form; the *Standard* regards the use of it as "perfectly unpardonable" and is shocked because the Censor has passed it. How supremely silly and hypocritical we journalists are! The audience had the good sense



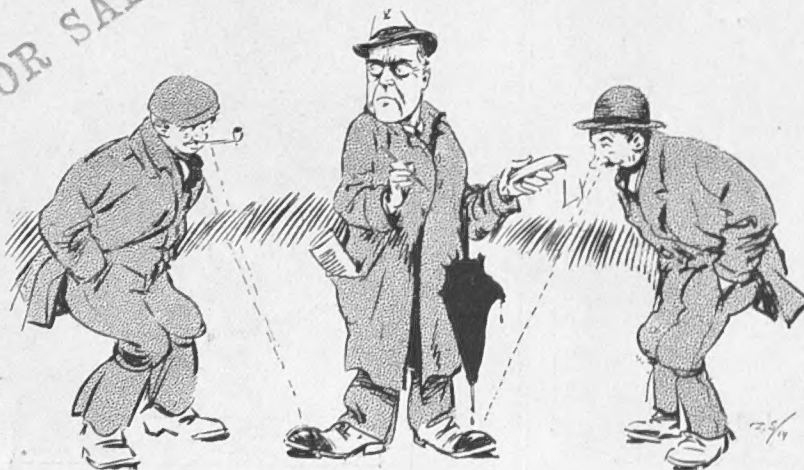
THE PROFESSOR OF PHONETICS ASKS HIS PUPIL FOR HIS SLIPPERS AND RECEIVES THEM: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS ELIZA DOOLITTLE AND SIR HERBERT TREE AS HENRY HIGGINS.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

to roar with laughter when Mrs. Pat Campbell uttered it roundly without blinking. To me it was quite a welcome change after the deluge of "damns" to which we are accustomed.

## The Pace that Kills.

The curse of slowness was upon it: some managers might modify the famous phrase of the bankrupt, who attributed his failure to "slow horses and fast women," and instead of "horses" say "plays," since it is amazingly difficult to get our actors to work at a reasonable speed. Probably this will soon be cured at His Majesty's, and the long last scene will be shortened and rendered less obscure; and then the droll story, with its fantastic characters, vivid dialogue, and topsy-turvy ideas will draw the world to the playhouse. It is very clever, and at the back of what the idle regard as mere brilliant tomfoolery are real ideas. Moreover, there is Doolittle, the dustman, the "quid-dity" of dustmen, a genuinely comic character, admirably acted by Mr. Edmund Gurney, which alone well repays a visit; and Mrs. Campbell gives a superb piece of comedy as Eliza, the flower-girl transmogrified into



"THERE'S A GENNELMAN; LOOK AT 'IS BOOTS": IT IS DECIDED THAT PROFESSOR HIGGINS IS NOT A COPPER'S NARK, DESPITE HIS KNOWLEDGE OF EVERYONE'S NATIVE PLACE.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

The Naughty Word. It led to the word "bloody" being pronounced boldly on our stage, not bloody as a synonym for sanguinary, or reference to Queen Mary, but as what is called a "swear-word," though really it is not. This valuable word, adjective or adverb—which some pretend (incorrectly, I think) is a corruption of "by our Lady"—is not customarily used as a curse. Its exact employment is best indicated by an old story of two workmen speaking of a big house: one of them said, "There's a bloody fine 'ouse," and his mate replied, "Not so bloody neither." It is really a kind

a lady. And the Henry Higgins of Sir Herbert will soon be one of the finest of his character-studies; nor should one overlook the excellent work of Mr. Philip Merivale, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Margaret Bussé.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE)



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "PYGMALION."

SALE



Henry Higgins  
(Herbert Tree).

Mrs. Eynsford-Hill  
(Margaret Busse)  
"How delightfully modern!"

Colonel Pickering  
(Philip Merivale).

Mr. Algernon Greig  
as Freddy Eynsford-Hill.

Eliza (Mrs. Patrick Campbell) using "sanguinary language"

Mrs. Eynsford-Hill  
(Rosamond Mayne Young).  
Mrs. Higgins (Carlotta Johnson).

Effect of Sanguinary Language on the Audience.

PHONETICS, "LANGUAGE," AND THE FLOWER-GIRL: MR. BERNARD SHAW'S ROMANCE, AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"Pygmalion: A Romance in Five Acts," by Bernard Shaw, is running at His Majesty's. A criticism will be found on the opposite page, and photographs are reproduced elsewhere in this Number.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.





## SIR FRANCIS BERTIE.

THIS is Sir Francis Bertie's week, for his own particular contribution to the Entente has been untiring effort in bringing about the State visit of the King and Queen to Paris. More than a year ago he was in frequent consultation with his Majesty; plans were made, and frustrated. Now Sir Francis welcomes George V. and Queen Mary with the knowledge that even the delays have contributed to the ultimate success of the long-looked-for event. Paris as a whole has never been more amiably disposed towards English visitors.

**Balfour's "Find."** Sir Francis is an Ambassador by accident rather than by profession. Twelve years ago he was Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, nor did there seem to be any reason for doubting the permanency of that "permanent." When a vacancy occurred in Rome, Mr. Balfour sought the advice of the Office. "Who would you send, Bertie?" he asked; but neither the Chief nor the Secretary could think of the right man. "Tell me the necessary qualifications," said Mr. Balfour, as if he had an idea. Sir Francis went through the virtues proper to an Ambassador to Rome, ending with an exact description of the ideal Ambassador. Mr. Balfour nodded silently, and went away. The next day Sir Francis was asked if he would accept the post.

**The Roman Year.** His preparation for Paris, at once the most coveted and most difficult of all diplomatic appointments, was of the briefest. Away back in the 'seventies he was attached to a Special Embassy to Berlin, but, apart from that and one other formal expedition abroad, he had approached the Continent only as a tourist. In 1903 he went to Rome, having skipped the usual ordeal of long years in insanitary cities, where constitutional disturbances, insect pests, and small salaries test the endurance of the budding Ambassador. Rome, according to Sir Francis Bertie and Sir James Rennell Rodd, is a bed of roses for any Englishman who likes the Italian scene. For a year it meant an almost uninterrupted enjoyment of blue skies, ruins, and tea-parties. If Sir Francis found the restrictions of the Lenten season a little difficult to bear in mind, he had Lady Edmund Talbot and other Catholic relatives, including a sister who is a nun, to remind him of the observances proper in the Eternal City. Rome, he found, was often full of relatives, but their visits were to the Vatican rather than to the Court. Lord Abingdon, his brother, was received into the Church in the middle of the last century; Lady Frances took the religious habit twenty years ago; his nephew, Lord Norreys, is of the same persuasion; and his niece, Lady Edmund Talbot (formerly Lady Mary Caroline Bertie), was until the birth of the Duke of Norfolk's son the wife of the heir to the only English Catholic Dukedom.

**The Difficult City.** But despite an array of Romish relatives, Sir Francis hankered after the wider interests of the French capital. Rome is an ideal place for a man like Sir James Rennell Rodd, who is never so happy as when he is composing verses under Keats's cypresses or chanting Italian numbers to Leopardi's enchanting countrywomen. Paris is infinitely more difficult. Its size gives a quite accurate notion of the complexity of its social life. But it is nearer home, and Sir Francis was, so to speak, born and bred in the shadow of the Foreign Office. The man who lives in the British Embassy in Paris lives in a palace; but, like all other Embassies in that complicated city, it is a palace in Queer Street. An Ambassador to the French Republic has to steer his way among the conflicting prejudices or passions of the political world and the aristocracy. He must be polite amidst the continual impoliteness of one class to another. It is in his drawing-room that the Cabinet Minister's wife fights her battles with the Duchesses; it is over his tea-cups that the cold stare of the superior person drives the womenkind of the Government mad with indignation. While he must be on good terms with the representatives of the people, he must know the Faubourg St. Germain through and through.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR FRANCIS L. BERTIE, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

Sir Francis Bertie, who has been British Ambassador in Paris since 1904, was born in 1844, and is the eldest of the Earl of Abingdon's five brothers.

Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

**The Salon Fermé.** Lady Randolph Churchill—to whom, by the way, Sir Francis's family is closely connected by marriage—tells of some of the difficulties of social usages in those high circles. When

she called on the Duchess de Trémouille in the Avenue Gabriel, she was told at the outer lodge that the Duchess was at home. She walked across the courtyard, but found nobody to receive her. Greatly daring, she entered, and found herself at the foot of a large staircase. She went up and on through three rooms, and into a vast drawing-room. At the end of it sat the Duchess awaiting her. Later on, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, also unannounced, entered, and, dropping on one knee, kissed the Duchess's hand. The privacy of that unprotected lady seemed more profound than it would have been had she kept sentries and footmen behind and before closed doors. Even Lady Randolph felt like a trespasser; and certainly no President would ever dare penetrate as far as she did, for no President is "received" in the salons of the great.

**The Two Berties.** Sir Francis married Lady Feodorowna Wellesley, daughter of the first Earl Cowley—the Earl whom the Duchess of Teck could call "that most agreeable man." Lady Feodorowna is learned in the affairs of Paris; her father filled the post that is now her husband's, and was in Paris during the visits of English royalty. Her family's friendship for the royal family goes back to the time when Queen Victoria's



SIR FRANCIS BERTIE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS, AND LADY FEODOROWNA BERTIE.

Sir Francis entered the Foreign Office in 1863, and has been Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (the Right Hon. Robert Bourke), Acting Second Secretary on Special Missions of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury to Berlin, Secretary to a special mission to the King of Saxony, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador at Rome. In 1874, he married Lady Feodorowna Cecilia Wellesley, daughter of the first Earl Cowley, and aunt of the present Earl.—[Photograph by C.N.]

mind was full of another Bertie, but pronounced differently—the "Bertie" who was later Edward VII.



## THREE PHASES: HYDE-PARKING; HUNTING; WEDDING.



THE EX-CHIEF OF STAFF AT THE RUFFORD POINT-TO-POINTS: SIR JOHN FRENCH AND HIS HOST, MR. T. CRAVEN.



ON THE GOLF LINKS AT CANNES: COUNTESS PAPPENHEIM, MRS. MONTAGUE ELLIOTT, AND COUNTESS PAULINE PAPPENHEIM.



AT THE RUFFORD'S LAST MEET OF THE SEASON: LADY SALISBURY AND THE MARQUIS DE SOVERAL.

Field-Marshal Sir John French resigned, it will be recalled, after the British Army and Ulster affair, and was succeeded, as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, by

General Sir C. W. H. Douglas.—The annual Point-to-Point Steeplechases of the Rufford Hunt were held last week.—[Photographs by Barrett and Topical.]



TREADING THE PRIMROSE PATH: CAPTAIN H. CECIL JOHNSON AND HIS BRIDE (MISS PHYLLIS BARCLAY) AFTER THEIR WEDDING, AT COLNEY, NEAR NORWICH.

The wedding of Miss Phyllis Barclay, daughter of Mr. Hugh Barclay, of Barclay's Bank, and Captain H. Cecil Johnson, D.S.O., of the 60th Rifles and the General Staff,



THE BRIDE PLAYING WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS AND THE PAGES: A PRETTY INCIDENT AT THE WEDDING OF MISS PHYLLIS BARCLAY AND CAPTAIN H. CECIL JOHNSON.

took place the other day. In the first photograph village children are seen scattering primroses and daffodils in the path of the bride and bridegroom.—[Photos. Topical.]



IN THE SUNSHINE IN HYDE PARK: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND HER SONS, THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD AND LORD IVOR SPENCER-CHURCHILL.

The Marquess of Blandford, elder of the sons of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, was born on Sept. 18, 1897. The younger son, Lord Ivor Charles Spencer-Churchill,



AFTER THEIR WEDDING: THE HON. HENRY MULHOLLAND AND HIS BRIDE (MISS SHEELAH BROOKE) LEAVING.

was born in 1898.—The Hon. Henry Mulholland is the third son of Lord Dunleath. The bride is the younger sister of Sir Basil Brooke, Bt., of Colebrooke, Co. Fermanagh.



AT THE RUFFORD HUNT'S LAST MEET OF THE SEASON: THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AND LADY CASTLEREAGH, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD LONDONDERRY.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood, G.P.U., and Barrett.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

IF there is one thing calculated to embarrass the schoolboy or undergraduate, it is public praise by injudicious relatives and friends. In place of injudicious relatives and friends, the Prince of Wales suffers from the Press. When he reads that if he "had not been the heir to the throne, he might have qualified as one of the finest long-distance runners and 'stayers' in the country," he must needs wish the London papers at Jericho. Oxford is no place for the sort of paragraphing that seeks to make a champion athlete out of a young man who knows to a nicety his capabilities and limitations. The Prince of Wales, like everybody who takes a keen all-round interest in field sports, recognises talent when he sees it, and among his contemporaries at the 'Varsity are men for whom he entertains a feeling almost akin to hero-worship. It is far from comfortable for him to know that his heroes, or even the unheroic companions of every day, are forced to read at their breakfast-tables the fantastic eulogies of his prowess as an athlete.



TO MARRY MR. GEORGE OWEN SANDYS TO-DAY (APRIL 22): MISS DULCIE EDYTHE ANGELA REDFORD. Miss Redford is the only child of Sir Edward Redford, C.B., and Lady Redford, of 8, Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh. The wedding is to take place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh.



MR. RICHARD ROWLEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS VIOLET NELSON WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 20TH. Mr. Richard Rowley holds a commission in the Coldstream Guards. The wedding was fixed for the 20th at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street. Photograph by Langt.



MISS GLADYS HUME-GORE, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. HUGH D. W. DUDLEY WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (APRIL 21).

The bride is the only daughter of Mrs. Hume-Gore, of 72, Gt. King Street, Edinburgh, and the late Captain G. R. Hume-Gore, of the Seaforth Highlanders, and is a grand-daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Gustavus Hume, of His Majesty's Bodyguard. Photograph by Lallie Charles.

The Prince of Wales, like everybody who takes a keen all-round interest in field sports, recognises talent when he sees it, and among his contemporaries at the 'Varsity are men for whom he entertains a feeling almost akin to hero-worship. It is far from comfortable for him to know that his heroes, or even the unheroic companions of every day, are forced to read at their breakfast-tables the fantastic eulogies of his prowess as an athlete.

## The Panting Playmates!

No undergraduate alive would like to see it stated in print that "his friends—men in the pink of condition—are often too exhausted to keep pace with him." There is no such thing, in the ordinary give-and-take of undergraduate life, as the champion who leaves his companions wholly behind; and never on account of his rank is the Prince given a lead where no lead in the natural course is either given or taken. Oxford, as a matter of fact, has shown a conspicuous common-sense in its manners towards its Royal young man, and he in his turn has enjoyed the spirit of equality that rules in college quad and playing-field. It is to be regretted that the Press is making history on other lines, and at the same time making itself ridiculous in the eyes of a whole generation of undergraduates.

## Death Duties.

Such strange conventions as that which kept the Dowager-Empress of Japan alive from the official point of view for some time after she had breathed her last are apt to complicate matters in distant Courts. The Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Inouyé, for instance, were at a certain moment obliged to cancel all their social engagements in London; but only a diplomatist extremely well versed in the conduct of affairs in Tokio could have said exactly when that moment had arrived. Even under the simpler usages of Western Courts the rules of mourning are sometimes perplexing, and one extremely

promising English diplomatist lost favour at the time of Edward VII.'s death through doing the wrong thing under difficult circumstances. He had arranged a party for the evening of the fatal day. Hearing in the morning that the King's illness had taken a serious turn, he cabled to the Foreign Office for the latest news, but the answer he received was so encouraging that he thought it unwise to cancel his entertainment at the last moment. Just before his guests arrived he received tidings of the King's death; and in the stress of the moment it never struck him that the thing to do was to station his secretaries at the door to explain that the King was dead and send everybody home. Instead, he received his guests and brought the party to an end as soon as possible. That he has never lived down that error of judgment is proved by the diminishing importance of his appointments.

Floored. Mr. H. G. Wells—who, according to the photographers, is generally at ease among tin-soldiers on the floor—spent a more vigorous Easter than most tacticians. After two games of hockey, in which he undertook the manifold duties of centre-forward, he attended one of those informal fancy-dress dances that are always rather more exhausting than matches in the open. His holidays were further complicated by the presence of an American interviewer and the necessity of writing a birthday greeting to the *Daily Herald*. "H. G." bore up well enough until the close of the dance. Then he took cushions to a quiet corner and went to sleep. His dreams, probably, were of pitched battles between disappointed partners and his own miniature army.

## The Kaiser's Hundred Thousands.

The Kaiser's vast contribution to the "purse" for the German Navy establishes an uncomfortable precedent, and other European monarchs will not thank him for setting such an exalted example. "My Willy is so sudden," said his mother, with prophetic insight, when he was six; and while he was "sudden" only in the matter of sixpenny telegrams fellow-rulers felt no obligation to follow suit. This last subscription, however, tends to lift the whole scale of royal subscriptions to funds of a national character. The German Emperor's lavishness is the more notable when it is remembered that his income is less than that of some half-dozen of his subjects. He tops the list of subscribers by virtue, not of superior wealth, but superior patriotism.



TO MARRY MISS DULCIE EDYTHE ANGELA REDFORD TO-DAY (APRIL 22): MR. GEORGE OWEN SANDYS.

Mr. Sandys, of Graythwaite Hall, North Lancashire, is the elder twin son of the late Lieut.-Col. Edwin Del Sandys, 58th (Northamptonshire) Regiment, and of Mrs. Sandys, of Belmont Lodge, Bognor.



MISS VIOLET NELSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. RICHARD ROWLEY WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 20TH.

Miss V. Nelson is the youngest daughter of Sir William Nelson, Bt., the well-known ship-owner, formerly Chairman of the Nelson Line and the Nelson Steam Navigation Company.

Photograph by Speaight.



MR. HUGH D. W. DUDLEY, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS GLADYS HUME-GORE WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (APRIL 21).

Mr. Hugh Dudley Waddell Dudley is the eldest son of the late Rev. W. D. W. Dudley. His father, who died a few years ago, was for many years Vicar of St. Stephen's, St. Albans, Hertfordshire, a living which he received in 1880.

Photograph by Langfrier.



ENGAGED TO MR. WILFRID MARKHAM: MISS DOROTHY RAM.

Miss Ram is the daughter of the late Rev. George Stopford Ram, Vicar of St. Peter's, Bournemouth, and the Hon. Mrs. Ram, of 59, Courtfield Gardens. Mr. Markham, of Badminton, Gloucestershire, is the younger son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edwin Markham, K.C.B., and Lady Markham.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

LADY VIOLET'S SON: A "CARDINAL."



AS A "PRINCE OF THE CHURCH": MASTER FRANCIS DAVID CHARTERIS, SON OF THE HON. HUGO  
AND LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS.

Master Francis David Charteris, son of the Hon. Hugo Charteris (eldest son of Lord Elcho, elder son of the veteran Earl of Wemyss) and his wife, Lady Violet, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, was born in 1912.

*Photograph by Thomson.*





By GRANT RICHARDS.

*(Author of "Caviar" and "Valentine.")*

WHEN I was eighteen I used to lunch every day with a friend of my father's, a man who must then have been about forty. I remember that I looked upon him, and most other men of his generation, not exactly as old men but as being well on in middle age, as having finished with the interests of youth. . . . Now that I am forty myself I see that either I was a fool or that things have very much changed, or that so slight a matter as the wearing of a beard may in itself make all the difference. Certainly I refuse to consider myself old; I could not put away youthful follies if I would; I find it impossible to take a middle-aged view of life—and I believe that most men of my age feel in these things just as I do.

Of course, the truth is that things have very much changed, and although the fact that we have given up wearing beards may have some little to do with the matter, it cannot have such a great deal. Jane Austen's Colonel Brandon was not bearded and he was too old for the uses of a hero at thirty-five. "A man of five-and-thirty might well have outlived all acuteness of feeling and every exquisite power of enjoyment." I protest: the passage of a hundred and eighteen years cannot have made all that difference. And I recall that the pace at which we live nowadays is supposed to middle-age us prematurely. But where is the normal man even of forty-five who will confess to having outlived all acuteness of feeling and every exquisite power of enjoyment? In certain directions of course his powers may be waning. . . .

In the particular passage I have quoted Miss Austen may have been amusing herself at the expense of Marianne, but her novel proceeds in the same strain. The Colonel's age and infirmity—for he had complained of "a slight rheumatic feel"—make it certain that he must long have outlived every sensation of love: "thirty-five has nothing to do with matrimony." A woman marrying a man of so great an age would be bringing "herself to submit to the offices of a nurse"! Of course, these things happened at a time when a man might be Prime Minister at twenty-one; but even so, how is it that our ancestors at thirty-five, at forty, at forty-five, so tamely submitted to supersession? Where and how did they console themselves?

To be forty nowadays is to have very little to complain about,

save perhaps that more and more often one wakes at night and remembers that forty-five will come soon and that fifty will follow on. And I may be excused for thinking now that to be fifty is surely to be middle-aged! But at forty, especially if one is not poor and if one has just a little success, some corner however modest in the world, one may have a very good time. Even ingenuous youth treats the man of forty with no depreciating respect. And indeed why should it? Your man of forty is every bit as great a donkey in most things as the boy who has just come down from Oxford—more of a donkey in many, for if he is not very spry he begins to date by just being out of the youthful movements until they are no longer youthful; he allows, for instance, his son or his friend's son to tell him to read Mr. Clive Bell's "Art" instead of finding it out for himself. And certainly the man of forty is just as liable to make himself a fool about women. He falls in love with greater rapidity than any boy of one-and-twenty, and while it lasts he hides his passion with far less skill. Perhaps indeed it is in his love affairs that the man of forty really betrays his age. There is something pathetic about them. If he is in love with a woman of his own generation then he is only one of many, one of a procession; if a young girl smiles on him he is often haunted (I should imagine!) with the thought that soon she will wish to change him for a more youthful lover, and that even if she does remain faithful to him he will be fifty when she is thirty. . . .

Perhaps the most important thing for the man of forty to remember is that at whatever cost he must keep his figure. I

suppose some thickening is inevitable, but fight against it. Implore your tailor to be frank with you and to tell you if he is having to allow you more generous measures, and, if he has, then take exercise, and go to Carlsbad, and take exercise again, and diet when no one is looking. And remember that Marianne Dashwood would not be singular even to-day in being prejudiced against a man who complained of "a slight rheumatic feel." "But he talked of flannel waistcoats," said Marianne; "and with me a flannel waistcoat is invariably connected with aches, cramps, rheumatism, and every species of ailment that can afflict the old and the feeble." There speaks, too, the young girl of to-day—and she is quite right!



LAWN-TENNIS PLAYING AT CANNES: THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

His Grace acted as Lord High Steward at the Coronation of King Edward VII., and has been Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. His marriage to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt took place in 1895.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



PUCK AND MAJESTY FROM OVERSEA: MISS MAVIS YORKE PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO QUEEN AMÉLIE AT THE OPENING OF THE CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION.

Queen Amélie added yet another to her many public acts in this country the other day when she opened the Children's Welfare Exhibition at Olympia. She is here seen at the performance of "Springtime," a children's revue given in the Children's Playhouse.

Photograph by Sport and General.

*“O Moments Big as Years!”*



No. X.—WHEN WE HAVE ONE MINUTE TO CATCH THE LAST TRAIN, AND THE LIFT MAN BECOMES ANECDOTAL.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



## FIVE O'CLOCK

## FRIVOLITIES



## CLOTHES AND CAPABILITY.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*

I AM always keenly interested in what intelligent men, or men simply, think of woman—how they see her, what is at the back of their monocle, so to speak. They feel less for her, and they do less for her, than they ever did, but they criticise her much more exactly. They know more about her. If only they were at all observant, or quicker of perception, woman would be by now absolutely without mystery. I was amused to read the very sensible but curiously belated criticisms of a writer in the *Times* on "Fashions and the Vote." The critic, whom I take to be a man—for no woman could be so out-of-date or so inexact in details—seems by his description of the fashionable dress of to-day to be writing either from the provinces or the colonies—

Men cannot imagine a woman, dressed as women have seen fit to dress for the last few years, being competent to take any serious or worthy part in the work of the world. He cannot believe in a woman being capable of efficient, vigorous, or independent action when hampered by the skirt of the period. It is equally hard for him to suppose that a woman can get a clear view of public affairs or vote intelligently when wearing her hat over one eye. She is visibly hampered and restricted in her movements and has compelled herself to practise and adopt poses which are the negation of any suggestion of alertness or efficiency. Backbones, as we know, are out of fashion.

Now for the last three months no fashionable woman has worn her hat in any other way but perched at the back over a very high

chignon and precipitously inclined down to the forehead, upon which it rests absolutely straight. This is the only correct way of being *chapeauté* at the present hour. But even during the short caprice when woman hid her left eye so that the right one should appear all the gladder, trust not, innocent male, her partial blindness! She has been trained by centuries of circumspection to see well with half an eye; a whole one is almost superfluous! And then, would blindness be a bar to the vote in the case of a man? There is, to think, no need to see! On the contrary, do we not close our eyes when we want to give a fair chance to our brain?

Tight skirts, let us admit, are not convenient for high kicking, but we now slit them so generously that the width of them is not to be measured by the hem. The skirt of the minute is a tricky, complex affair, and not always what it seems! But supposing it were still the fetter skirt of four years ago? Pitt and Peel managed to make themselves some sort of reputation as politicians in spite of stock collars which strangle me but to look at them! And the dazzling Disraeli, though no fool, was a fop.

Very superficial is the mind that knows the saint by his sackcloth, the artist by his locks, the prostitute by the paint, or the woman of common-sense by the size of her stays!

Fine clothes may hamper one physically while buoying one up mentally. Buffon could not comfortably potter in his garden and

watch his beloved insects at play without his wig being freshly powdered, his jabot and his ruffles laundered to perfection.

The splendid century of Louis XIV., the Fortunate, the Beloved, the Sun-King, was not only fertile in great soldiers, but was a time when men's apparel was of an unsurpassed magnificence. They fought in their fal-lals as bravely as their ancestors in their hides of wolves and bears. Coarse clothes and courage have nothing in common. Red heels and ruffles, ribbons and laces, coats of *broché* and silk stockings—why, "a man's a man for a' that!"

Since it is admitted that we all have our foibles, is fashion more futile than—football, for instance? If it is silly "to hamper and restrict" one's movements, is it not just as senseless to impair the soundness of your limbs and the harmony of your profile for the sake of a ball? I am not a fanatic on fashions; indeed, I think clothes

should be considered only from the point of view of warmth, beauty of colour and of drapery, leaving out altogether those two irrelevant considerations which in turn or at the same time rule dress—Mode and Morals: Paris and Puritanism!

But if woman is to be judged as unfit to vote because of her yielding to silly but passing fads, consider the much sillier things that men not only indulge in, but glorify into tradition! What about the hideous, funereal-looking top-hat? Is it either useful, beautiful, or healthy? When women follow idiotic whims, there is comfort



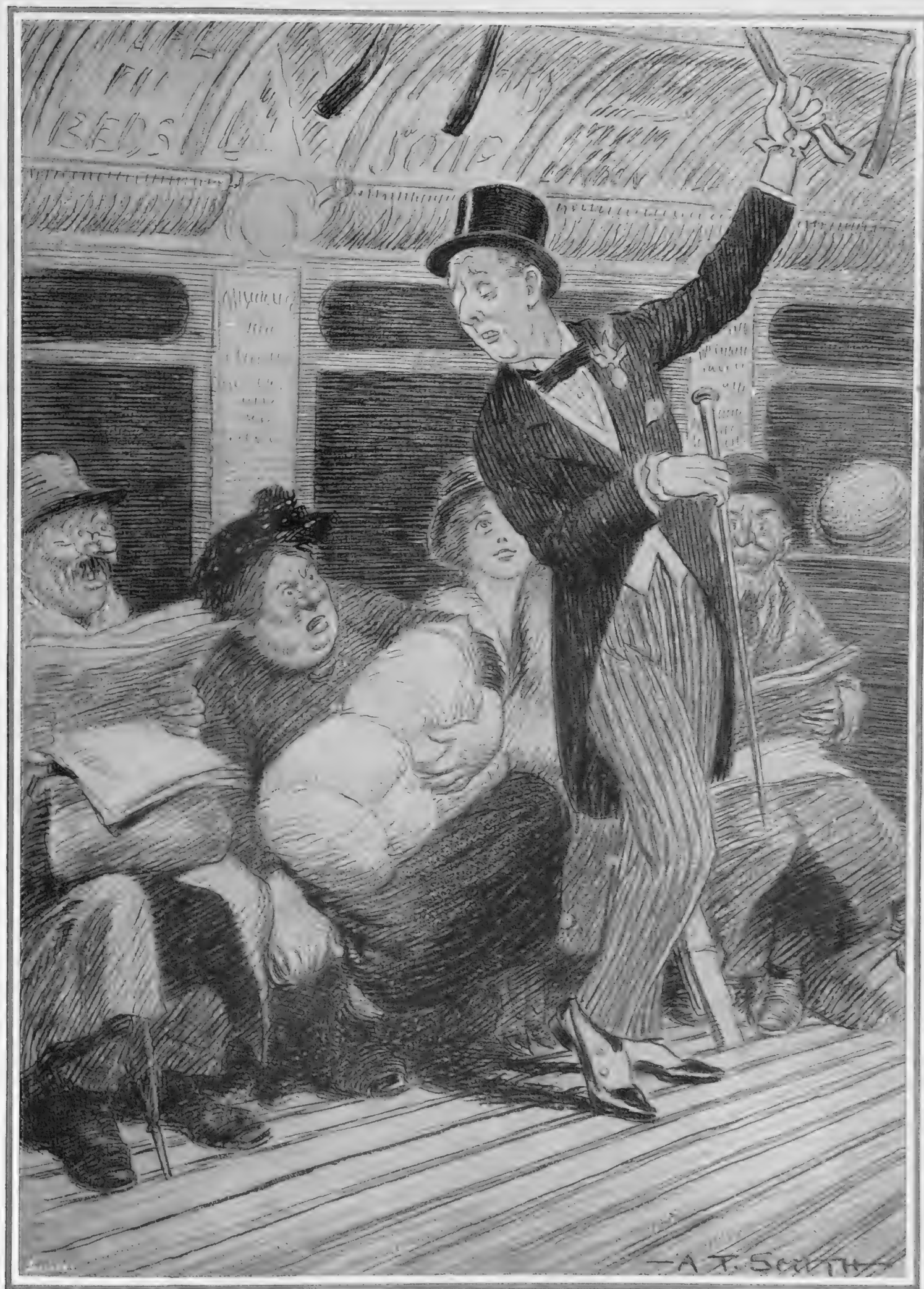
A VERY MODERN BABYLON: A SCENE FROM "L'ORGIE À BABYLONE," AT THE MOULIN ROUGE PARIS.

Photograph by Bert.

in the conviction that they will not last long. When men fall into fashion's nets they just stay therein, not having imagination enough to get out. Many must have been the apoplectic fits caused by that Mighty Atom, the collar-stud! What wife does not recognise at a glance at the breakfast-table the stud-tormented expression on the frowning face of her *vis-à-vis*? She has watched that expression on the miserable male from generation to generation—her father, her brothers, her husband, her sons! She knows that this morning the bacon will be too fat or too lean, the Government going to the dogs, the coffee watery, and the weather rotten! She says nothing, but wonders—"Are studs, then, irreplaceable?"

Is there anything more unsympathetic in its contact than the white dress-shirt front starched into rigidity? No, I am afraid men are far from having found the ideal vestments. True, theirs afford more freedom to the limbs than women's do, but I thought that the great prejudice against women's suffrage at the present time had been caused by too much efficient if misdirected energy! The Militants do not seem to have been hampered either by skirts or scruples, and if they are short-sighted, believe me it is not due to any roguish dip of their hat! There is no satisfying men. Some say, "If you want the vote you must deserve it by outward wisdom: the width of your clothes will be an index to the breadth of your mind"; while others would welcome strait-jackets as a uniform for Suffragist leaders!

AN ORCHID MOMENT!



SHE: Oh, do be keerful—you trod right on me corns!

HE: Sorry—why do you grow such things?

SHE: I grows 'em for a 'obby; like as some grows horchids and such.

DRAWN BY A. T. SMITH.





ADÉLIE PENGUIN, ESQ.: A VERY SMART LITTLE MAN.\*

### The Personality of the Penguin.

The penguin is a very human bird—and looks it. The Adélie, seen for the first time, seems “a very smart little man in an evening-dress suit, so absolutely immaculate is he, with his shimmering white front and black back and shoulders.” You will never mistake him for an Aldermanic *nouveau riche*: if he has no particular dignity, he has marks of breed—courage, and a keen sense of right and wrong. It is true that he may occasionally turn hooligan or thief, but even as Sikes or Raffles, he has his qualities—he is properly ashamed of himself both before and after he is found out! Dr. Murray Levick knows it well. “The consciousness of guilt,” he notes, “always makes a penguin smooth his feathers and look small, while indignation has the opposite effect. Often when observing a knoll crowded with nesting penguins I have seen an apparently under-sized individual slipping quietly along among the nests, and always by his subsequent proceedings he has turned out to be a robber on the hunt for his neighbours’ stones. The others, too, seemed to know it, and would have a peck at him as he passed them.” Thus the bad character behaves—and in any colony there must be black as well as white and grey. Penguins are by no means as alike as peas. Personality is obvious, although each bird so resembles the other that cock cannot be told from hen, save by behaviour. Many cases are on record. “There are vigilant birds, always alert, who seem never to get robbed or molested in any way; these have big, high nests, made with piles of stones. Others are unwary, and get huffed as a result.” Nature, in a word, has not given them equal mentality, while making evident in them all that adaptation to environment which is so wonderful a proof of the theory of evolution.

### When Seals Ran About Like Dogs.

As to evolution, let us quote half-a-dozen lines, remembering that known fossil remains of ancestors of the birds date back to the Eocene period. “To a degree far in advance of any other bird, the penguin has adapted itself to the sea as a means of livelihood, so that it rivals the very fishes. This proficiency in the water has been gained at the expense of its powers of flight, but this is a matter of small moment, as it happens. . . . Here . . . there are none of the bears and foxes which inhabit the North Polar regions, and, once ashore, the penguin is safe. The reason for this state of things is that there is no food of any description to be had inland. Ages back, a different state of things existed: tropical forests abounded, and at one time the seals ran about on shore like dogs. As conditions changed, these latter had to take to the sea for food, with the result that their fore-legs, in course of time, gave place to wide paddles, or ‘flippers,’ as the penguins’ wings have done, so that at length they became true inhabitants of the sea.”

### Progress in Four Fashions.

That is by no means the only change generations uncountable have wrought. Having ceased to fly and having to face periodical migration, the penguin learnt to journey in three fashions—swimming, walking, and tobogganing over hundreds of miles, despite a “horizon” limited to but one mile, his eyes being only about a foot above the ground when he is on the march. He moves through the water in two ways, swimming more or less as does a duck, and “porpoising,” which “consists in swimming under water, using the wings or ‘flippers’ for propulsion, the action of these limbs being practically the same as they would be in flying. . . . After travelling thirty feet or so under water, they rise from it, shooting clean out with an impetus that carries them a couple of yards in the air, then with an arch of the back they are head first into the water again, swimming a few more strokes, then out again, and so on.” This leads to the bird’s astonishing jumps from the water on to

the ice. Dr. Murray Levick was much impressed. “Sometimes in a bunch, sometimes in a stream, one after the other they would all shoot out of the water, clean up on to the top of the ice-foot. Several times I measured the distance from the surface of the water to the ledge on which they landed, and the highest leap I recorded was exactly five feet. The ‘take-off’ was about four feet out from the edge, the whole of the necessary impetus being gained as the bird approached beneath the water.” In the reverse action—diving—the penguin is at least as proficient. Again, that reminds us of another very human trait which is recorded. When the birds are bathing in batches, each is apt



NOT THE ONLY WAY—OF TOURING! MR. AND MRS. MARTIN HARVEY ICE-YACHTING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey are now on a very successful theatrical tour in Canada.

Photograph by H. R. Stenton.

to show marked reluctance to be the first to enter the water. This is explained by Dr. Murray Levick, who remarks that the diffidence is due doubtless to the fact that sea-leopards gather in the waters near the rookery to prey upon its inhabitants, lurking beneath the overhanging ledges of the ice-foot, invisible to the birds above. First in is likely to be first served—as a dainty dish for the waiting enemy. To return to progression, and as to travel over ice. Once more, the methods are two. The first is walking. Their stride amounts at most to four inches. Their rate of stepping averages about one hundred and twenty steps per minute when on the march. Their second method of progression is “tobogganing.” When wearied by walking, or when the ice is particularly suitable, they fall forward on to their white breasts . . . and push themselves along by alternate powerful little strokes of their legs behind them.” Our space is at an end, and we have hinted merely at a phase or two of Dr. Murray Levick’s book—we have said nothing of the domestic habits of the bird, curiously fascinating; nothing of the courtship begun by offerings of stones for the nest; nothing of the care of the chicks, of fighting, of joy-rides on ice-floes, of the “drill” rivalling that of Ulster Volunteers, of the crèche of chicks guarded by the few while the many are food-seeking, of the sentinels set, to spite the skuas, over food valueless to the penguins themselves. For all that and more the book under notice must—and will—be read.

\*“Antarctic Penguins.” By Dr. G. Murray Levick, R.N., Zoologist to the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910-1913. (Heinemann; 5s. net.)

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

FOR SALE



1. THE DUCHESS OF CHARMEUSE LEFT HER TOWN HOUSE THIS MORNING, BUT IS EXPECTED BACK AT 5.30. NO LETTERS WILL BE FORWARDED.
2. IT MAY NOT BE GENERALLY KNOWN THAT LORD BATHMINSTER IS NO MEAN HUMOURIST, AND HAD HE SO WISHED, HE MIGHT EASILY HAVE MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF ON THE STAGE. HE IS KNOWN TO A HOST OF FRIENDS AS "PICKLE."

3. THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. MURIEL ACID-SQUARE AND CAPTAIN POP-GUNN HAS BEEN INDEFINITELY POSTPONED.
4. EVERYBODY WILL REGRET TO HEAR THAT LADY EVA BRICK-BATTE HAS LOST HER ANGORA RABBIT. IT APPEARS THAT SHE WENT INTO THE YARD TO FEED IT, AS USUAL, YESTERDAY, AND WAS DISTRESSED TO FIND THE HUTCH EMPTY. WE UNDERSTAND THAT LADY EVA GAVE NINEPENCE FOR IT ONLY TEN DAYS AGO.

DRAWINGS BY G. S. SHERWOOD.





## INCORRIGIBLE LADY JANE.

By M. E. A. GARNER.

SAID Lady Jane, "I am going to consult Arasami-Su."  
"Oh," I replied, rather-vacantly. "Er—who is Arasami-Su?"

The Lady Jane Belleville looked scornfully at me. "Do you mean to say you haven't heard of the new Japanese clairvoyant-palmist, Rupert? Why, all London is going mad over her." She paused.

"I don't think," I said quietly, "that I approve of palmists."

"No," returned Lady Jane frostily, "I didn't expect that you would. I am going to see her this afternoon," she finished conclusively.

"Yes," I assented meekly. "That will be a very wise proceeding—the best thing you could possibly do."

Lady Jane stared. "Don't be an ass, Rupert," she said scathingly. Then, turning suddenly to the window, "There's the motor. I suppose it's no good asking you to come."

"No," I drawled lazily. "But remember me to Arasami-Su."

Sometimes looks are more poignant than words, and Jane's look then was past description. I watched her flit down the steps to the long grey motor she had recently bought. I watched her enter and be cosily wrapped round by the second man. I even dared to wave to her, but she did not cast an eyelash my way. It was very trying—very annoying, too.

Here was I, thirty-five, a soldier on furlough, with an average fortune and a castle in the shires, madly in love with the orphan child of the late Lord Lamberton, and she would none of me. For five long years I had watched the development of the Lady Jane Belleville, and were it not that I loved her I should have straightway denounced her as the most audacious will-o'-the-wisp of a flirt that ever danced into a man's heart. I had seen her through a multitude of crazes, beginning with slumming, where she caught a multitude of unpleasant diseases, and did about as much good as a wind-blown tract, and ending with a course of hospital training, where she had a serious "*affaire*" with the house-physician, from which I successfully extricated her. And now there was this palmist. For weeks probably she would visit Arasami-Su to the exclusion of all else, and then one day—pff!—like a breath of wind she would flit away to the next craze of the moment.

"Jane," I said solemnly, shaking my fist at a full-length Shannon portrait of her over the library mantelpiece, "I do think it is time you should settle down—you mocking, adorable person. A good husband and a couple of babies, and we should hear no more of slums and socialistic meetings—and palmists."

And then the door opened and Aunt Dorothea came in. Now Aunt Dorothea and I were allies—staunch, fervent ones, too, bristling with tactics. She, poor dear, was in the uncomfortable and doubtful position of chaperon to the wilful Jane, and at times it seemed as if her life was beset with never-ending crosses and trials.

I have seen Aunt Dorothea fold her plump, be-ringed hands in utter dejection after a more than usually daring exploit. For instance, there was the occasion of Jane's awful lapse from respectability—the memorable night when she and her maid burst their restraining bonds asunder and went off on New Year's Eve to the Covent Garden Ball. There Jane had danced with her own butler, and had described him afterwards to Aunt Dorothea as "that delightful man, Jenks."

Simone, the pert little French maid, had upset the equilibrium of a youthful Duke, who found out where she lived and came to call. The developments which ensued may better be imagined than described.

And on this occasion Aunt Dorothea came forward with a determination which I knew meant confidences *re* Jane. "Where has she gone?" she demanded.

"Palmists, clairvoyants—tomfoolery," I replied dreamily.

"Rupert"—and Aunt Dorothea put up her lorgnette and looked hard at me—"you're not playing the game."

I sat up straight. "Awfully sorry," I muttered. "But England's a free country. I asked her again yesterday."

"Well," said Aunt Dorothea severely.

I paused. "She slapped my face," I finished ruefully, and then Aunt Dorothea smiled. "I don't think it's a laughing matter," I said, feeling rather hurt.

"It's entirely your own fault," said Aunt Dorothea.

"I don't see that," I grumbled.

"No," was the reply, "you wouldn't . . . but it is, nevertheless, true. Since Jane was twenty you've adored her, given her all she wanted, waited on her, agreed with her—in fact, you've acted door-mat admirably, with the result—" She hesitated.

"Go on," I said eagerly. "I assure you this is awfully interesting."

"With the result," Aunt Dorothea repeated, "that she only thinks of you as someone useful as a stop-gap—a stand-by—any other minor part you could mention."

"I didn't agree with her over palmists," I volunteered.

"And a good thing too," Aunt Dorothea said, tossing her head. "Very likely she'll begin to think something of you if you don't." She sighed. "She's a great handful. I shall sing my *Te Deum* the day that she walks down St. Margaret's, Westminster, on a good man's arm."

"And I too," I agreed, "providing that the man is myself."

Aunt Dorothea regarded me thoughtfully. "The game is in your own hands, Rupert. Just give up being the willing slave and assume a dictatorial attitude, and you'll see. At first she'll open those great eyes of hers in amazement, and then she'll be quiet and think. Then she'll consider you a bit, and finally she'll come to the conclusion that there's something in you."

"I'll try," I said, rather dejectedly. "But don't forget that we are both reckoning without—Jane."

"Jane's a woman," said Aunt Dorothea oracularly.

"Most decidedly," I agreed; and just at that moment the door opened and Jane herself appeared. Behind her in the doorway appeared others—many others, apparently all men. Said Jane calmly—

"I have brought a few friends to tea."

Aunt Dorothea rose hurriedly, and up went the lorgnette.

"Allow me to introduce," and in due course Jane the incorrigible presented one after the other, five young men with various high-sounding titles—in fact, there was only one plain "Mr." amongst them. They took tea and chit-chat, and, after staying a correct time, they filed out like a well-drilled police squad ordered to their various beats.

"Jane," said Aunt Dorothea severely, "what's the meaning of this?"

[Continued overleaf.]

## LOW FIGURES.



THE MISTRESS (*indignantly*): Jane, whatever did you mean by wearing my low-necked evening-dress at the 'Bus-drivers' Ball last night? Really, you ought to have been ashamed of yourself!

JANE (*meekly*): I was, Mum; you never 'eard such remarks as they made.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



REGGIE: I say, father, you know all about 'rithmetic, don't you?

FATHER (*uneasily*): What is it you want to know?

REGGIE: Well, how many times what makes eleven?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



The Lady Jane puffed serenely at her small, gold-tipped cigarette. "Which do you fancy, Aunt Dorothea," she drawled nonchalantly, "as a possible husband?"

Aunt Dorothea sat up superhumanly straight. "Are you mad?" she almost shrieked.

"Oh, no," said Lady Jane airily. "At least, I don't think so—not yet."

"Not yet!" repeated Aunt Dorothea, really shrieking this time.

"In three weeks' time I must be married," said Lady Jane in a tragic and awful voice. "If not, I shall—die." She turned her large, luminous eyes upon both of us, and evidently enjoyed the effect of her announcement. "Arasami-Su foretold it."

"And what—what are all those?" Aunt Dorothea waved her hand towards the door whence the five young men had disappeared.

"Those," said Jane, "are aspirants for my hand." (Hitherto I had been silent: now I felt it my duty to speak.)

"Where did you pick them up?" I asked with as level a tone as I could command, considering the bomb exploded in our midst.

Jane turned to me icily: "Don't ask impertinent questions, Rupert—or if you ask them, don't expect to receive a reply to them," and she promptly turned her back on me. Now Jane's back is an altogether charming thing, otherwise I might have felt angrier than I did:

"I like you from this point of view, Jane," I said in an exasperatingly suave voice. She sprang round like a teetotum—

"Your cheek only exceeds your stupidity," she said, glaring at me.

I bowed: "Er—er, how's Arasami-Su?"

"Perfectly well, thank you," said Jane making a straight line of her always determined mouth, and sweeping crushingly from the room.

I looked at Aunt Dorothea, and Aunt Dorothea looked at me—

"I think," I said slowly, "that I must go to see Arasami-Su." I looked at my watch. "It is only half-past five. In ten minutes I can be there, and I don't believe palmists ring off until six."

Aunt Dorothea looked scandalised: "What good can that do?" she said despairingly.

I called for hat, stick, and a taxi. "My cheek only exceeds my stupidity," I quoted, as I fled from the room and down the steps.

Ten minutes later I sat in Arasami-Su's flower-bedecked waiting-room, awaiting admission to the Holy of Holies or Inner Shrine, whence issued faint murmurings, and an equally faint Oriental perfume. At length a sleek-haired maid in a bright-hued kimono bade me, in broken English, enter. She held aside the heavy plush curtains, and I found myself in a bewilderingly lovely room. The walls were hung with silken embroideries, and a wide shelf ran round where in an ordinary room the frieze might be. Quaint pottery and ancient brass-ware filled the shelf at intervals, and the ceiling was painted in the airy-fairy, unreal way which is only tolerated in Japan.

In the middle of the room a great brazier stood, and smouldering, emitted the perfume which I had noticed before. And now I come to Arasami-Su. Small, dignified, Oriental to the tips of her fingers, she stood beside the brazier with two fingers uplifted in greeting. I bowed. She bade me be seated, and I sank into a luxuriously cushioned chair. Arasami-Su then took a handful of something from a great brass bowl and flung it into the brazier. Great clouds of smoke rose up in dusky billows, and immediately a voice began droning—droning, and I—I knew in a flash that I was growing sleepy—sleepy and numb and powerless. My mind was clear, although I wanted to sleep and I knew and understood the words of Arasami-Su as she chanted the weirdest incantation mortal ever heard. And to my horror I found the words applied to me: "He is here—my beloved—he who is as the breath of life to me," she said in passionate tones, "beside whom the sun grows dim in his light, and before whom the moon and stars bow down and worship. And to-night he has come to me, and the Great High Priest shall marry us, and out into the land of flowers—the garden of the world—we two will fare together." She paused, and I think sleep

must have claimed me for a while. When I awoke I still felt dazed and numb, and before me stood an awe-inspiring figure, clad in necromancer's robes, with a tall magician's hat on his startlingly yellow face. Beside me stood Arasami-Su, and her hand sought mine. The necromancer began to read from a crimson-bound book, and the glint of a ring convinced me that I was about to be married to Arasami-Su. I struggled—I tried to speak—I made vile and hideous faces. All to no avail—I could do nothing—I was helpless as if I were bound hand and foot, and tongueless. The dirge went on and on, and gradually, very gradually, I moved my foot, then my leg, then both feet, both legs, then—joy, I was suddenly free. I struggled up violently, and the words came thick and fast. And, to my amazement, neither Arasami-Su nor her confederate looked at all perturbed. I even thought I heard a snigger—but in that I was probably mistaken—as I poured forth the vials of my wrath upon them.

"I am going to marry the Lady Jane Belleville," I said wildly; "and even if I were not, you are acting in a criminal manner—a most reprehensible manner . . . it is positively disgraceful that such a thing as this could happen in London in the twentieth century. I am now going to give notice to the police," I finished in fine style. "Have you anything to say?" I asked, addressing Arasami-Su.

"Quite a lot," said a voice I knew only too well; and the Lady Jane Belleville came out from behind the silken hangings.

I was dumb with astonishment. For some minutes I literally could not speak, and then stammered: "Wh—why—what?"

Jane came to my aid. "I thought you didn't approve of palmists," she said with what she evidently thought a touch of humour.

"I don't," I answered decidedly; "I should just think I *don't*. And after what has happened, I don't think it quite *delicate* of you to remind me of it."

"Arachichera," said a voice behind me. I started involuntarily. The gibberish was a word coined as password at Eton in the days of my giddy youth. I turned and saw Arasami-Su without the massed hair and the slanting eyebrows.

"Cranley," I said, scarce believing my eyes, "come here and be scalped. Why on earth did you do it?"

"Sheer boredom, old chap," said the unabashed Cranley. "Sheer downright boredom. Works jolly well, eh? Thirty pounds a week in fees for gulling sentimental females, eh, what? Shake hands on it and don't bear malice." He put out his hand and I shook it, half-angry, half-appeased.

"I shall go home now," announced Jane. She never said "Shall we?" or "Shall I?"—simply, "*I shall*."

"Well, I *shan't*," I said to tease her.

She stared at me, and then her eyes fell, and she was at once adorable and humble.

"Please, Rupert, will you take me home?"

I sprang up eagerly. "With pleasure," I replied, and soon we were in a taxi speeding towards Jane's flat. To my surprise, Jane looked almost subdued. "Jane," I ventured, "tell me why you did it?"

She looked at me in quite a new way—in a way quite after my own heart. "I wanted to test you, Rupert—I wasn't quite sure."

"Yes," I replied, wondering, "and the five young men—were they part of the test?"

She laughed. "Besides palmistry, Peter Cranley acts at the 'Frolic.' The five were with him in the chorus, and he lent them to me—see?"

I said that I did see, and as at that moment Jane effectively prevented my seeing anything by unashamedly kissing me (for the first time), I was more than willing to let the complete confession slide.

A month later we were married at St. Margaret's with a flourish of trumpets. When we were going away I kissed Aunt Dorothea, in nephewly fashion. She sniffed. "Are you singing your *Te Deum*?" I inquired.

"Don't be a fool, Rupert," she snapped. "Do you suppose I don't feel it as much as anyone else?" And she sniffed again.

I suppose there are some people who never quite mean what they say, and really, with Jane in the question I don't think I am altogether surprised.

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS



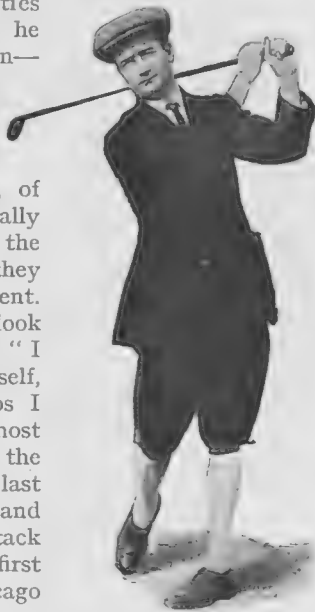
## THE AMERICAN INVASION: OUIMET'S PROSPECTS FOR THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

### The Problem of Ouimet.

As soon as the man with whom you are discursing upon the greatest of games has made a full and very comprehensive statement of the trials and difficulties of his own case, the beauties and the deficiencies of his own particular play, he turns upon you suddenly and asks the question—"Now what about this fellow Ouimet? Is he going to win the amateur championship?" Probably during the recent Easter holidays and since then that question in just that form has been asked more than ten thousand times, and, of course, in the nature of circumstances, it was usually put to people who knew no more about it than the interrogators, and were not expected, when they answered, to commit themselves to any serious extent. The recognised form and manner of reply is to look very solemn all at once, and to murmur slowly, "I don't know; it is very difficult to say." For myself, I do not know and I cannot say, though perhaps I do know a little more about the matter than most people in England and Scotland, because I saw the gentleman win the great championship in America last year, which has been the cause of all the trouble and has led to this invasion of our territory and attack upon our championships. I met him for the first time at the amateur championship meeting at Chicago two years ago. At that period his best game was only just beginning to blossom out, and he was not nearly up to championship standard. When I saw him the next time, at the amateur championship meeting at Garden City, near New York, last year, he had improved enormously, and had then just entered the ranks of first-class golfers—the real top-notchers. I made it quite clear in everything that I said and wrote at that time that I thought he would do better than any of the other amateurs in the American open championship that was soon to follow, and that he would make the best professionals play up; but, of course, nobody could possibly have had any idea that he would do such an amazing thing as he did. The next time I saw him after the conclusion of that championship was in the saloon of the steam-ship on which he crossed the Atlantic, at nine o'clock the other evening, the vessel having pulled up off Dover to disembark a few passengers, and he played with me the next day on the championship course at Deal.

### His Amazing Confidence.

It is too early yet, even when these notes are printed, to say whether he is as good this year as he was last—or rather, whether he is capable of reproducing the same form that enabled him to beat Vardon and Ray in



WINNER OF THE EASTER GOLD CHALLENGE MEDAL AT THE ROYAL NORTH DEVON CLUB'S SPRING MEETING AT WESTWARD HO! MR. JEROME D. TRAVERS, THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPION.

Mr. Travers, who is over here for the Golf Championship, did a fine round of 74, playing from scratch.

Photo. Sport and General.

that historic contest at Brookline. It would really be a marvellous thing if, so soon after landing on the British shore, and with the difficulties of climate and course—little, indeed, as they seem to affect him; still, a great consideration—he showed anything like the form he did on that historic occasion. But already he is really playing wonderfully well. The game he produced only eighteen hours after getting off his ship, and when he had not at that time played any golf at all since the beginning of February, was most amazingly good, and he quickly began to improve on that form. He is a young man, of remarkable self-confidence, and the game does not frighten him as it does other people, even the best of golfers. The average player, even the good player, after a long absence from the links, feels that it will take him at least two or three weeks, and perhaps more than that, even if he is in good physical condition and his muscles are working smoothly and easily, to lick himself into his best golfing shape; and it does take him that. Sometimes it takes him a couple of months. I am sure that in many cases this is entirely due to his being afraid of the game, and having a kind of nervousness when he approaches it. Mr. Ouimet tells me that he would never ask for more than a week, even after the longest rest, to bring his game up from whatever state it might be in to his own very best.

### The Risks of the Championship.

I have been asked that question about his chances at Sandwich hundreds of times lately. Certainly I think he has a good chance of winning. He is good enough to win. But I should not like to declare that he is better than any British amateur; and even if he were, it would not follow by any means that he would win the championship. You must remember what it means to do that. The man who succeeds has to win his match in eight

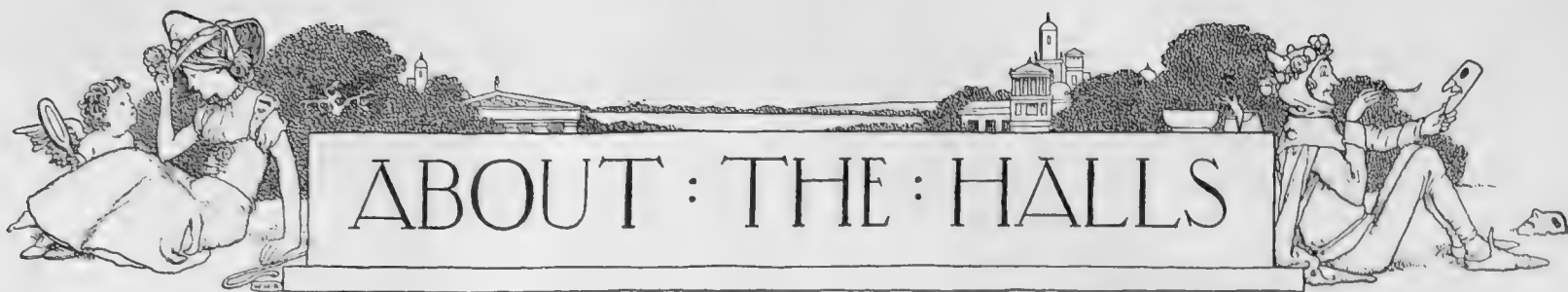
rounds one after the other. If he plays one bad round in the eight he will almost certainly be knocked out. Even if he plays no bad round, but all good ones, he runs the risk—and a big one—of encountering an opponent who for just one match plays phenomenal golf, with luck going his way all the time. Then also he would probably get knocked out. For such reasons it would not even be odds on Vardon, Braid, or Taylor winning the amateur championship if they could enter for it. At the American championship Mr. Ouimet played seven fine, steady rounds one after the other. If he can do the same thing at Sandwich he will probably win, but—and I shall leave it at that "but."

HENRY LEACH.



"WE-MET'S" AUTOGRAPHED BAG: DEAL CADDIES INTERESTED IN THE CLUBS OF MR. FRANCIS OUIMET. It has been recorded by Mr. Henry Leach that Mr. Francis Ouimet—pronounced We-met, not We-may—has ten clubs in his bag, including a mashie-niblick and a jigger. As a rule, he drives with an ivory-faced club, and putts with an iron wry-necked putter. His new, white canvas bag has written upon it the names of many of his golfing friends—amongst them that of Eddie Lowry, his twelve-year-old "mascot" caddie, who, according to Mr. Ouimet, did much, by advice and encouragement, towards his winning of the American Open Golf Championship.—[Photograph by Photobress.]





## REVUES AT THE OXFORD AND PALLADIUM: A DUET AT THE PAVILION.

IT would be perfectly idle in these days to attempt to ignore the prevalence and popularity of the revue. Practically every music-hall in London is now presenting one of these shows, and it seems as if the type has really come to stay. Some of them, indeed, possess a certain amount of underlying plot, but, roughly speaking, this is not a thing to be generally adhered to, or even to be primarily aimed at. The chief object of all these entertainments is to make a portion of the evening pass with a swing and a certain amount of melody; and when that is accomplished to the satisfaction of all parties there is little left of sober criticism to be said. At the Oxford last week I saw "The Honeymoon Express," which is described on the programme as "A Musical Joy-Ride on New Lines," and which is the work of Mr. George Arthurs, the music being the composition of Mr. Louis A. Hirsch, the hero of much of this class of work. This piece is produced by Mr. Con Conrad on somewhat lavish lines, and the costumes are exclusively the work of Selfridge's. There is a large and divergently gifted company, who all work amazingly hard in their efforts to make the revue a success. The plot, such as it is, is simple, consisting of the triumphant efforts made by Mr. Oscar Schwarz to marry Miss May Tomlinson, the daughter of a City solicitor who objects to him and wishes her to become the bride of another. The pair are ultimately married in a railway train as it passes through a swirl of cinematographic scenery, and the piece concludes with the father's benediction and a full chorus. As is usual in revue, there is much variety to enliven the proceedings, and, naturally, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are introduced. There is plenty of clowning, and plenty of singing and dancing, and in these Mr. Oscar Schwarz is always prominent. As his fiancée, May Tomlinson is all that can be desired; and Mr. Stanley Lupino and Mr. George Gregory work their very hardest to keep the fun going throughout. The Oxford is to be congratulated on having secured a very good entertainment of its class.



IN MISS HORNIMAN'S COMPANY, AT THE CORONET: MISS BEATRICE TERRY.

diversity of scenery as is set forth at the Oxford. The scenes are limited to three in number, and depict the Thames Embankment by night, and the exterior and interior of a mansion in Park Lane. The humours of the first scene are largely devoted to the exploits of half-a-dozen members of the loafing fraternity; who sing and dance and generally disport themselves in an exceedingly mirth-provoking fashion, and keep the fun going merrily until it is broken in upon by the entrance of Red Ria, a lady of coster ancestry, who pretends to drown herself while the "swag" is being collected. In Scene the Second there is a good lot of fun produced by the introduction of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George, both of whom, the latter especially, occupy the time supposed to be devoted to a prize-fight in the employment of ceaseless talk. Into this scene are also introduced personations of Mr. Lockhart and Sir Joseph Lyons which vastly amuse the house. The third scene becomes slightly incoherent, but remains unfailingly funny, and the curtain falls to the accompaniment of hearty applause. The performers all work very hard to make the piece go, and they are more than averagely successful.

At the "Pav." One evening at the Pavilion last week I found a house audibly expressing its entire approval of the items set down for its delectation, and there was plenty to encourage it. There was Mr. Harry Tate in his now long-established

absurdity entitled "Motoring," calling forth loud peals of laughter from people who had seen the sketch heaps of times before, and still were delighted to have it presented to them yet once again. There was a vigorous young singer named Alexandro Vallo, who was vociferously encored; and there was Cinquevalli, the same as ever, doing his old tricks with all his old skill and humour, and deserving every ounce of the applause he received. Then there were Miss Maie Ash and Mr. Fred Allendale in what they were pleased to call a "Musical Comedy Interlude" entitled "The Soldier and the Girl," a little love-duet between the soldier and a maiden whom he meets by accident. There is not much to be said with regard to this little sketch except that it seems to the taste of the audience. Miss Maie Ash looks very pretty and sings very nicely, and Mr. Fred Allendale manages to make the audience laugh with but little effort. The authors, Messrs. Bert Lee and Worton David, have not provided the performers with anything particularly distinguished to say or to do, but they manage to come through it successfully, and receive plenty of applause from a house that is not too exactly particular as to what kind of fare is set before it so long as it passes the time pleasantly.



IN MISS HORNIMAN'S COMPANY, AT THE CORONET: MISS IRENE ROOKE.

Miss Horniman's Company, which is now almost as well known in London as it is at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, opened a season at the Coronet, Notting Hill Gate, on Monday last, April 20. It was arranged that the first play presented there should be Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Mob." Other plays new to London and in the company's repertoire are "Consequences," by H. F. Rubinstein; "Garside's Career," by Harold Brighouse; and "Love

(Continued opposite.)  
Photograph by Warwick Brookes.

Bijou); while specialties are, it is announced, performed by Sydney Russell's Eight Sunstars. In this piece we do not get such a



IN MISS HORNIMAN'S COMPANY, AT THE CORONET: MISS MURIEL POPE.

Continued.)  
Cheats," by Basil Dean. Other productions will include John Galsworthy's "Justice," Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and George J. Hamlen's "The Waldies"; together with the following one-act plays: "The Hanging of Hey-go-Mad Jack," by F. H. Rose; "Lonesome Like," by Harold Brighouse; "Loving as We Do," by Gertrude Robins; and "Consarnin Sairey 'Uggins," by Wilfrid Blair.

Photograph by Warwick Brookes.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

**POLICE - TRAPS AND THE HARD CASE OF DEMONSTRATORS : THE LIGHT CAR TRIALS : GERMANY WAKING UP.**

**Overdoing It.** So many police-traps are now at work in London that one is forced reluctantly to the conclusion that New Scotland Yard is somewhat over-stepping the bounds of fairness and common-sense alike. I say "reluctantly" advisedly, because for the most part Sir Edward Henry, the Commissioner of Police, has never been over-fond of the crude expedients of the so-called "control," which are represented by a couple of constables in plain clothes, armed with stop-watches, and a uniformed policeman waiting in the offing. Sir Edward Henry knows perfectly well, and has publicly expressed the opinion, that timing in congested areas is absolutely futile, and he is strenuously opposed to ten-miles-an-hour speed-limits accordingly. None the less, either through his agency or that of his subordinates, a number of traps are working in non-congested areas, where timing after the stereotyped method is feasible; but whether the choice of a site for the "clocking" business is invariably judicious, or called for by any feature of danger to the public, is a subject for argument.

## Hard Lines !

A few days ago, for example, I was having a trial run on a little 7-h.p. car, and the demonstrator, at my request, drove it in the direction of two steep hills in the Metropolitan area which are practically the only ones in central London on which any adequate test can be made of any kind of motor vehicle. Naturally, I asked the driver to do his best on these particular gradients, but in between the two I neither urged him to speed nor, indeed, was desirous of testing any feature of the car except its smoothness and flexibility of running. We were driving, accordingly, at a reasonable pace on a suburban road entirely devoid of traffic when a uniformed policeman stepped into the road, held up the car, and requested us to await the arrival of a couple of plain-clothes men who had timed us *en route*. Irresistibly one cannot help thinking that the affair suggests the use of a steam-hammer to crush a fly. The little car had a chassis weight of less than 7 cwt., and only a two-cylinder engine; it was doing no manner of harm, and could have been pulled up at any moment, while the road itself was emphatically broad. To marshal the forces of the law against a tiny cycle-car when there are so many leviathan "snorters" on the road which are better deserving of attention is nothing if not ridiculous. As for the poor demonstrator, he would perhaps have another endorsement added to those which already figured on his license. The law, I may add, is particularly hard on

the demonstrators and testers in the employ of motoring firms. They are out all day long, almost every day in the year, and their chances of running into police ambushes are therefore frequent. Not only, however, are they exposed to a perpetual risk to which the ordinary driver is less prone, but they even have to pay their own fines. It is bad enough that they should be liable to lose their livelihood from cumulative endorsements without being subjected to the risk of fines, any one of which may amount to more than a week's wages. One chauffeur, by the way, told me the other day that the Portsmouth Road alone had cost him more than one pound per mile in fines during the period that he had been regularly driving over that well-known highway.

## Entries for the Light Car Trial.

A by no means unrepresentative list of cars is that which has been published for the R.A.C. Light Car Reliability Trial. Thirty-five vehicles have been entered at ordinary fees, and, though the total might possibly have been expected to be somewhat larger, their variety none the less is unquestionable, for single entries are in the majority, and there are twenty-three different types of car. Those entered as units are the Warne, 10-h.p. Pilot, 11-h.p. D.L., 6-h.p. Baby Peugeot, 10-h.p. La Ponce, Arden,

8-h.p. Alldays, 10-h.p. Omnium, Gordon, 8-h.p. D.E.W., 10-h.p. Cowey, 11-9-h.p. Salmon, and 8-h.p. Autocrat. Two each have been entered of the 8-h.p. G.W.K., 9-h.p. Hillman, 9-h.p. Morgan-Adler, A.C., Standard, 10-h.p. Deemster, 10-h.p. J.B.S., and 10-h.p. Sirron; while the 10-h.p. Singer and the 7-h.p. Swift will each be represented by a team of three. No particulars are as yet available as to the arrangement of the routes from Harrogate, but, as the trial is to open on May 4, these may be expected shortly.

## A New Contest.

Yet another fixture has been added to the list of Continental contests. Fired by the success of the annual Alpine trial of the Austrian Automobile Club, the German A.C. has announced a touring competition of its own. Germany, in fact, is fairly waking up this year, for in addition to the big bid for victory in the Grand Prix by the Mercedes team of five, the Berlin Show is to be revived, and will be held from Sept. 26 to Oct. 6, and thus precede the Paris Salon de l'Automobile. The new contest will be held from Oct. 2 to 4, between Stuttgart and Berlin, and will be for two classes of touring-cars.



THE GOAL OF SEVEN CONVERGING ROUTES IN THE MONACO RALLY : HANGARS FOR AEROPLANES IN THE BAY OF MONACO.

The Monaco Rally began on April 1 and ended on the 15th. The airmen taking part had to fly thither by various prescribed routes (each about 677 miles long) from Hendon, Buc (near Paris), Brussels, Madrid, Gotha, Milan, and Vienna, the first five routes ending at Marseilles, the last two at Genoa. The rest was by sea. Each competitor could start as often as he liked. On April 15 the prizes were allotted (subject to M. Brindejone des Moulinais having arrived at Milan by a certain time) as follows — the first (25,000 francs) to M. Garros, the second (10,000 francs) to M. Renaux, and the third (5000 francs) to M. Garros; also three prizes of 5000 francs each to MM. Garros and Brindejone des Moulinais for completed courses. M. Garros won several other prizes. April 20 was fixed for the Schneider Cup race.—[Photo. Rol.]





AEROPLANES, it would seem, were the chief topic of luncheon-table talk between King Alfonso and the First Lord, but there was probably no dearth of conversation on other subjects. The King of Spain takes a gallant, though somewhat hazy, interest in Irish affairs, and if Mr. Churchill comes back with more to say about the Spanish monarch's taste in monoplanes than about his views on Belfast, it must be that the First Lord thinks it indiscreet to divulge a King's strong political prepossessions. It has not yet transpired whether Mr. and Mrs. Churchill were favoured with a performance of "The Wearing o' the Green"—a song to which his Majesty gives voice, and a fair touch of brogue, when he feels particularly well disposed towards a British visitor.

*London Swimmers.* Lady Diana Manners, Mrs. Raymond Asquith, the Hon. Irene Lawley, and Miss Felicity Tree have all promised to dive and swim in the Buckingham Palace Road Baths on the 28th. To most of them the somewhat restricted audience of the Bath Club is all they have experienced

of a public; but if any of them feel that they may lack confidence in the larger waters and before the larger crowd of the Buckingham Palace Road the presence of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson should restore it. Lady Constance's experience is sea-wide, and tales of her aquatic exploits are told from Loch to Lido. There is a legend in Scotland that she once jumped, fully clothed and with an infant under each arm, from a small steamer. The captain was just about to land his passengers by the lengthier processes of hawser, quay, and gangway, when Lady Constance took matters, and her children, into her own hands.



TO MARRY THE REV. CHARLES A. MOURILYAN TO - DAY (APRIL 22): MISS SYLVIA IDA PARKES. Miss Parkes, of Enderlie, Emsworth, is to marry the Rev. Charles Archibald Mourilyan, formerly Curate of St. James's, Emsworth, and now at Camberley, to - day. The ceremony will take place in St. James's, Emsworth.

Photograph by Swaine.

*Marble Clocks and the Daffodils.* It is not easy to know a man from the presents he gets or gives. Individuality is lost when one goes shopping in Bond Street, and Lord Kesteven's rose-bowl, though he receive it with gracious thanks, must not be taken as a revelation of Lord Kesteven's innermost tastes and desires. It takes its place among all the rose-bowls and marble clocks that enshrine the good-will of one class for another—and at the same time show how little they have in common save a set of false values. The marble clock presented by a humble peasantry represents much the same sort of misunderstanding, though reversed, as the throwing open of the grounds at Eaton Hall in order that the country people may see the daffodils. A Duke likes a daffodil because it is the least sophisticated of flowers, but his humble neighbours are much more interested in catching a glimpse of the strawberries



AT THE COURTS: THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS AT CANNES.

The Marchioness of Headfort was married to the fourth Marquess in 1901. She has two sons and one daughter.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



ENGAGED TO MR. HUGH POLLARD: MISS RUTH GIBBONS.

Miss Gibbons is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gibbons, of Penn. Staffs. Mr. Pollard is the only son of Mr. Joseph Pollard, M.A., M.R.C.S., and of Mrs. Pollard, of Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Photograph by Swaine.



AT A POINT-TO-POINT MEETING: THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AND VISCOUNT GALWAY.

The Duchess of Portland, whose elder son, the Marquess of Titchfield, recently celebrated his coming-of-age, is Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra. Viscount Galway, who was born in 1844, was formerly M.P. for North Nottinghamshire.—[Photograph by Barrett.]

that are now at full ripeness in his hot-houses.

*Pipes and Organs.* Sir Frederick Bridge is more fortunate than most bridegrooms; he is not living in a false paradise of useless wedding-presents. It is true that the choristers of the Abbey and Lord Zouche clashed with duplicate gold-mounted canes, but for the rest there seems to have been the wisest kind of collusion among the donors. Lady Regnart's cigarette-box can always be replenished from the stores of cigarettes that came from other sources; the gold cigar-holder need never be empty; and if he received a thought too many ash-trays, they all contribute, at any rate, to the welfare of Lady Bridge's carpets. No choir-boy on earth could wish for a better supply of the things necessary to a smoker's comfort!

#### Marriage in Smithfield.

St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Guards' Chapel, and the Oratory have all been engaged for important April weddings, but the largest gathering of the month will be attracted by the ceremony at St. Bartholomew's the Great, Smithfield, on the 30th. Lord Gerald Wellesley and Miss Ashton have sufficient personal reasons for choosing the Smithfield church; but, apart from these, the picturesqueness and antiquity of St. Bartholomew's give it strong claims on any bride or bridegroom who is content to break through the approved West-End wedding area. From a social point of view, Lord Gerald and Miss Ashton are going out of bounds, but they will be followed out by a multitude of wedding guests.

#### Pygmalionese.

If it is true that Mrs. Patrick

Campbell has cut the famous adjective out of "Pygmalion," another point is scored for the performer as against author and manager. His Majesty's Theatre has an exalted reputation for fair speech, but even at His Majesty's occasion has arisen for the use of Pygmalionese, with argument as a consequence. A clever mimic of our stage favourites is fond of rendering an interview behind the scenes in which Sir Herbert is blandly pressing, and Mr. Lewis Waller heroically rejecting, the adherence to the book in a case where the author had expressed himself somewhat freely. In another case Mr. Arthur Bouchier, it is said, refused to say one of the things Mr. Zangwill wanted said in "The War God." When pressed to use the disputed expression, Mr. Bouchier refused in such round terms that all those present at the rehearsal, except one or two ladies who stopped their ears before he had finished, were convinced of the strength of his position by the strength of his language.



THE NEW WOMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER: LADY ISOBEL GATHORNE-HARDY.

Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy, who was recently appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen, is the only sister of the Earl of Derby. She has six other brothers. Her husband, Major the Hon. J. F. Gathorne-Hardy, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is a brother of the Earl of Cranbrook.

Photo. Brown, Barnes and Bell.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Books and the Woman.

Whenever I take up a criticism of contemporary novelists in a serious paper, it is to see quite youthful and minor writers of fiction discussed—provided they are men; while the most distinguished women writers of the day are invariably ignored. It is as if these feminine artists did not exist. Yet these same critics will exhaust themselves, occasionally, in panegyrics of deceased novelists like Jane Austen, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, and George Eliot. It would appear as if the lady must have been buried at least thirty years—better still, sixty—before the critics permit themselves to utter a word of praise or even mention her name in connection with English literature. It is true that women are the chief sinners nowadays in producing preposterous and harmful rubbish which sells by the hundred thousand, but that fact ought not to prevent the serious critic from giving homage where it is due. To name only three, we have in May Sinclair, Edith Wharton, and the Countess von Arnim writers of the highest achievement in their several lines. Yet do you ever see these shining names included among even the lesser fry of masculine novelists? In the other arts, such as acting and painting, there is no such exclusion of feminine artists—and, indeed, to write of the theatre and omit Eleonora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and Ada Rehan would be absurd; while the women painters are nowadays gallantly accorded their meed of praise from the more distinguished of the art-critics. In time, we may hope to see the male essayist on contemporary literature turning his attention to serious efforts from feminine brains.

## The Poison of Fatigue.

literally gasping.

In Mr. H. G. Wells's latest book he has a chapter called "Possible Discoveries" which leaves one literally gasping. One of the future surgical operations which our author predicts as possible is that of "the elimination of fatigue-products," and this miracle, it seems, would be brought about by the insertion of certain glands into the human anatomy. For those who don't mind the operating-table and the knife there are glorious possibilities in store. For fatigue, as we know, is a poison which, if allowed to accumulate, produces a fever. Persons rabid of sight-seeing and fast travelling have been known to die of the disease. In slighter cases, fatigue-fever induces sleeplessness; and who can gauge how much sickness and breakdown in war-time must be due to over-strained and over-tired troops, who are often mere boys? The over-fatigued soldier who is living—and fighting—on his nerves cannot keep up the strain for very long, and maps have been changed and history made by a few regiments of troops "poisoned" in this manner. Possibly, when we begin to realise the gigantic waste of war, the various nations will breed a few supermen, inoculated according to Mr. Wells's ingenious theory, and send them forth to do battle in single combat, like the Greeks of old, the victory falling to the strongest—or rather, the least fatigued. We should in this manner preserve the combative spirit so dear to the human biped, and at the same

time save innumerable young lives for useful service to the State.

**Scents and Smells.** Not long ago, Mr. Rudyard Kipling gave a lecture on travel and smells which aroused considerable comment. There must be some immemorial odours connected with certain cities, but chiefly those of the East, for even during the last few years, for instance, London and Paris have lost their peculiar *cachet* in that line. Paris, in the summer, used to be redolent of warm asphalt and cooking; while London smelt, quite frankly, of brewers' vats and horses. Our capital is now permeated by petrol, and Paris is in a like case. It is not an agreeable smell, but there are worse. Stuff and dirty human habitations are, perhaps, the last word in this matter, which makes the task of the Health Visitor, the Parson, and the District Nurse a heroic one. Dens of wild beasts at the "Zoo" are pleasing by comparison, probably because the animals are neatly attired in a fur suit, while second-hand clothes seem to be a passion with our proletariat, who wear them till they are threadbare. There are many people to whom perfumes, used on the person, are as antipathetic as the most obnoxious odours, and others who are never happy unless their clothes send forth gusts, so to speak, of orris-root or *chypre*. The smell of the wet earth in spring, after rain, is good to the nostrils, and certain flowers make landmarks in people's lives. The pink-tipped daisy recalls a fat baby sitting in a field, tremendously intent on fashioning its first daisy-chain. You need not be a sentimentalist for a tea-rose to recall somehow your first ball; pink tulips and amethyst orchids suggest the brilliant dinner-tables of maturity; while the white gardenia and tuberose are the mournful flowers we connect with the "last scene of all."

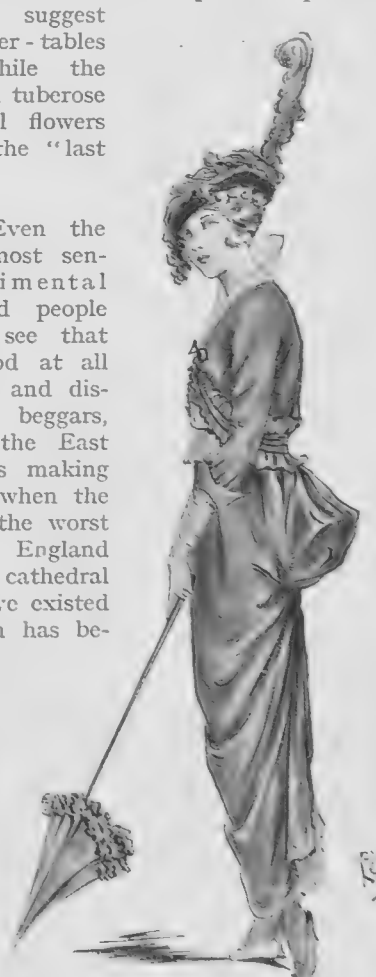


THE NEW WIDE EFFECT OVER THE HIPS.

Of blue flowered taffeta, this frock has paniers which give it the new wide effect over the hips. The vest and petticoat are made of blue Ninon.

## Clear-Sighted Charity.

Even the most sentimental and old-fashioned people are beginning to see that miscellaneous charity is no good at all in stemming the tide of poverty and distress. To give pence to street beggars, or even blankets and coal in the East End, is about as efficacious as making a sand-castle on the seashore when the waves are coming in. Some of the worst and most obnoxious slums in England are found in our beautiful cathedral cities, where charitable doles have existed for centuries, and the population has become demoralised by them. Intelligent women—Suffrage workers especially—are taking up quite a different attitude, and are bent on remedying the cause, instead of propping up the poverty which comes of it. In short, women are rapidly emerging from the soup-and-blanket stage of charity, and are earnestly intent on improving sweated industries, and in enforcing laws for a minimum wage for those wretched toilers in slums and dens who, being the mothers of Britons, might surely claim some attention from even our busiest legislators.



THE BUSTLE EFFECT: A LOOPED-UP SKIRT.

This frock is composed of blue taffeta, with a vest and short basque of Ninon. The skirt is looped up at the back to form a bustle.



A DRAPED SKIRT WITH TWO FLOUNCES.

This toilette in wine-coloured satin has a draped skirt with two flounces on it and a figured Ninon bodice. The brocaded ribbon sash is tied in a large loose bow at the back.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 28.*

## MEXICO.

THE market has hardly known what to make of recent happenings in Mexico. The cabled advices of the naval demonstration by the United States after the Tampico incident very naturally had a depressing effect upon both Yankee and Mexican stocks. Then came the news that Huerta had agreed to afford the necessary salutes, and that the crisis was apparently at an end. A sharp rally took place on Friday as a result of this news, and the general feeling was that the United States had undoubtedly gone a step towards the recognition of Huerta's Government, and the latter's quick acquiescence certainly pointed to the same view being held in Mexico. Later, it became known that Huerta had yielded to the United States' demands only on certain conditions, as to returning the salute, which President Wilson was not disposed to concede. Whatever happens, it must be a very long time before normal conditions are restored, and if the United States are going to return to their attitude of stubborn immobility, it is difficult to see any prospects of real improvement.

At present things are undoubtedly very bad; the current rate of exchange is so low that it is almost impossible for the Companies working in the country to remit money to Europe. The suspension of dividends on Mexican Light and Power Preference is a case in point. This Company's earnings during 1913 exceeded those of 1912 by about 607,000 dollars, but to transfer these earnings to this country would be such a costly affair that it is impossible to feel any surprise at the directors' decision.

We have taken a pessimistic view of this country's affairs for so long that we are, perhaps, inclined to be obstinate, but, candidly, we fail to see any great improvement in the general position owing to recent happenings, and we fear "bulls" of Mexican stocks will have a long and weary waiting before they get an opportunity of cashing profits.

## CANPACS.

Canadian Pacifics round about 205-206 are a decidedly interesting proposition for the investor. It is true that the shares are subject to rather wide fluctuations, which are apt to be disconcerting to the ordinary holder, but against this must be set the fact that they enjoy a free international market. In fact, we believe we are correct in stating that it is easier to negotiate large lines of these shares than of any other security in the world.

A year ago the shares stood at 250, and last year the dividend was at the rate of 10 per cent. Since then general financial conditions have been exceedingly difficult; net receipts have shown a rather serious decline, amounting to date in the financial year to nearly a million and a half dollars, and it is quite possible that there will be a still further shrinkage for a time. Another factor which has aided the decline was the reduction of freight rates which took place last week; estimates of its effect upon the earnings of this particular railway vary considerably, but the best opinion seems to be that a million dollars will fully cover the loss under this head.

It will thus be seen that there is some justification for the decline in the quotation for the shares, but a closer examination of the position makes it very plain that fears of any reduction in the 10 per cent. dividend are quite groundless.

Only 7 per cent. was paid last year out of the railway earnings, and there then remained a surplus of over 18,000,000 dollars. The remaining 3 per cent. on the shares was drawn from a "special income account," and after its payment there was a surplus of 3,350,000 dollars. In all, therefore, after the payment of the 10 per cent. dividend, there was a surplus of 21,000,000 dollars in net revenue. In face of figures such as these, it is hardly logical to talk about any reduction in dividend because net receipts are likely to show a shrinkage of two or three million dollars.

We should hesitate to affirm that the shares will not touch 200, but, in view of the yield and the immensely strong position of the Company, the shares at their present price are such an exceedingly attractive investment that we hesitate still more to advise the postponement of purchases.

## LONDON'S ELECTRIC SUPPLY.

Affairs in this connection are beginning to take a more definite shape, and although it is certain that much water will flow under London Bridge before any scheme is finally arranged, it is becoming more and more certain that a comprehensive arrangement will eventually be arrived at.

The Report by Messrs. Merz and McLellan has just been issued by the London County Council, and the unquestionable authority of these gentlemen on all such questions makes their report exceedingly valuable. After pointing out the wastefulness of the present system, under which there are sixty-five authorities supplying electricity upon forty-nine different systems from seventy generating stations containing 585 engines, the report goes on to explain certain technical changes which have taken place in methods of production during the last twelve years, and then weigh up the pros

and cons of various alternative methods of dealing with the problem. The final conclusions arrived at are perfectly clear and precise. Messrs. Merz and McLellan consider that the first essential, from all points of view, is the concentration of production and primary distribution in the hands of one authority, and they are of opinion that it would then pay that authority to shut down all the existing generating stations, and to generate all the energy they produce on sites down the river, where fuel can be procured at a very low cost. The initial capital outlay would be between £6,000,000 and £7,000,000; but, after allowing for this, it is estimated that a saving of about 18 per cent. in the cost of production would be achieved. The rest of the recommendations, which deal chiefly with the technical aspects of distribution, can, we think, be safely left to the decision of the experts.

The Bill which was deposited in Parliament advocating the formation of a large Company under the auspices of three large financial houses has now been withdrawn owing to the opposition of certain Companies, but we are inclined to think that the Companies will eventually call in some outside assistance in arranging any amalgamation, and we shall be surprised if these three particular firms do not participate in some way.

At all events, we consider that the shareholders of the various Companies now existing would do well to retain their interests for the present, and to watch pretty closely all developments during the next few months.

## ARAUCO COMPANY.

The report of this Company for 1913 is now available, and although, perhaps, not altogether up to the most optimistic expectations, the results are quite satisfactory.

The Railway earnings showed a decline of £13,700 at £48,500, which is rather disappointing, but against this decline mining profits advanced by £4800 to £67,300, and miscellaneous revenue was about £500 up.

Thus the gross profits for the year, which amounted to £120,100, show a decline of £8300.

After payment of the administration charges, interest on the Debenture stocks, and £8500 off the Debenture redemption fund, there remained £75,700 available for dividend purposes.

A year ago the directors transferred £10,000 to the general reserve fund and £25,000 to a dividend equalisation fund, but on this occasion the latter fund receives nothing, while the general reserve fund gets £20,000.

The Ordinary shares again get 10 per cent. in all for the year, the only difference being that on this occasion 6 per cent. is derived from the Colliery and 4 per cent. from the Railway, as against 5 per cent. from each a year ago.

Nothing is said in the report as to future prospects, but the Company's position has been considerably strengthening during the prosperity of the last few years, and we see no reason to imagine that any serious decline in earnings is probable in the near future.

We have on more than one occasion drawn attention to the attraction of the 6 per cent. Second Debenture stock at about 101, although the redemption terms preclude the possibility of any considerable capital appreciation. The Ordinary shares at their current price of 11 afford a yield of about 9 per cent., and are, we consider, entitled to stand higher than this.

## JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

And so the Canadian Northern Railway want still more money, and hope to get it from the Canadian Government again! Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann have been in tight places before and emerged more or less triumphantly, and we suppose they will do it again, especially as the Government are already somewhat heavily involved; but the outlook is not very settled. We have criticised the financial methods of this concern before, and see not the slightest reason to revise our opinion.

We hear that Lloyd's Bank are contemplating the acquisition of an important banking firm with branches all over the West of England, and that an announcement to this effect can be expected at any minute. If, as seems pretty certain, the deal comes off, we believe the deposits of the combined Companies will exceed those of any other joint-stock bank in the world.

We hope some of our readers profited by our advice to buy New Caucasians, and we see no reason to be in any immediate hurry to cash profits. The "Tchmoeff" prospectus will, we now understand, appear on the same day as these notes. We wonder how many shares have been secured by the broker who has been a buyer of 10,000 at 3d. premium for the last fortnight?

Wild horses could not make us reveal his name, but we believe the firm have just got another property in the Caucasus which they consider as good as, or better than, anything they have hitherto handled—and that the capital will be £200,000.

A circular has now been issued by the directors of the Mount Elliot Company stating that they propose to acquire a controlling interest in certain properties in the Cloncurry district. Since the

*[Continued on page 96]*

# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## April Wedding Bells.

Many couples are hurrying to get themselves married before May, which is, by superstitious people, regarded as an unlucky month for matrimony. Lady Beryl Le Poer Trench, who is an Irishwoman, and has a right of race to superstition, shows that she has none, for she has chosen not only to be married in May, but on the 13th, to the Hon. Richard Stanhope. Lord Gerald Wellesley and Miss Ashton have chosen the last day of April for their nuptials. Last week saw many couples united—including the Hon. Henry Mulholland and Miss Sheelah Brooke. Bridegroom and bride belong to well-known Ulster families. The Earl of Lonsdale's niece, Miss Barbara Lowther, was married on Saturday to Major J. A. Innes, D.S.O.; and Lord St. John of Bletso's brother, the Hon. Charles St. John, was married to Miss Noreen Napier. This week Captain S. W. Trafford will be married to Lady Betty Bertie at the Oratory, Brompton; and on the 29th the Hon. Claud John Yorke will be married to Miss May Zarifi at St. George's, Hanover Square—so wedding-bells will ring gaily this month. On the 30th there is also the wedding of Mr. Noel Buxton and Miss Lucy Pelham-Burn, political enemies whom little Dan Cupid made more than friends.

## Summer Holidays.

Truly our climate plays strange pranks. In the sure and certain belief that fortune favours the brave, I set off with a friend in a two-seated open car for the South Coast on the Thursday preceding the holidays. We had a forty-eight-mile drive in slashing rain, sometimes so stinging that it was hard to see the road in front. We arrived not so very wet, and after a good dinner felt that fortune might still favour the brave. It did; we woke to a glorious Good Friday morning, and were early on the golf links away up on the Downs above the sea. There was a stiff breeze; but as we had come for a sea-breeze, there was no complaint on that score. Saturday morning fortune forgot us for a few hours; her memory turned our way in the afternoon, and again we had some golf. Sunday,

Easter-day, was glorious; and Monday would have put to shame many a day in June. The ladies' course was like a moving flower-bed: there were competitions; and girls in pink, yellow, purple, green, crimson, and rose-red jerseys, and many-coloured skirts, were out playing. It was so warm that many of the jerseys were sent into the club-house, and then it was white shirts and coloured skirts and caps. The reign of bright colours is nowhere so pleasantly perceptible as on the golf links, where they all blend in so gaily with the greensward, and the golden gorse and the blue sky.

## Looking Forward.

The season before us promises exceedingly well from the point of view of gaiety. The Opera season opened this week with every prospect of success. The King and Queen have left for an epoch-making visit to Paris. Punchestown attracts many sport-loving people to Dublin, but, alas! poor Ireland is not only a trouble to the Empire, but to herself just now. There are dances many nights, and on Saturday next as ever is our only Princess of our Sovereign's house will be sweet seventeen. A

lengthening of skirts has been preparing us for this step on our child Princess's part, and next year we shall have a grown-up Princess Mary. There are steeplechases at Sandown Park on Saturday, always fashionably attended, and on Monday and Tuesday next the Household Brigade Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill will attract many of the friends of the Guardsmen sportsmen. These things are all preliminary canterers to May, when the season really starts, and the King and Queen begin to go out to private balls, starting with that of Earl Curzon on the 4th for his eldest daughter, Lady Irene Curzon. There will be the State visit of the King and Queen of Denmark, a ball at Devonshire House for an eldest daughter débutante—such a thing as has not happened within living memory. There are several dances every night, the polo season gets well into its stride, the Naval and Military Tournament opens on the 14th. There is the great three-days' Royal Horticultural Show at Chelsea Royal Hospital,

and Derby Day comes in May this year, as do the Caledonian Ball and the Eighty Club Ball. May promises to be indeed a merry month.

## Fair as a Lily, Soft as a Rose,

Is what every woman would like to be—yet how comparatively few take any pains to secure such a desirable result. We British women are given by Dame Nature good skins, and we go on in all sorts of stress of life, and out in winds and sun, and expect the skins to go on being as good as ever. Of course, they are not. What is wanted is expert advice and treatment, and that especially at this time of the year, such as can be so easily and luxuriously had at Pomeroy's, 29, Old Bond Street. Winds and dust and sun make it a duty to our skins to do so. In these days, when necks are exposed, it is necessary to have them seen to, and to have stains and blemishes removed. If anyone is troubled with superfluous hairs, these can be effectively and easily removed at Pomeroy's; the preparations for keeping the complexion in perfect freshness and order, and the treatments, are known and appreciated all over the world. No charge is ever made for a consultation, and, once a treatment has been taken, it is certain that many more follow, so very satisfactory does it prove.



A REVERSION TO MID-VICTORIAN MODES (IN THE CENTRAL FIGURE):  
PARISIAN BEAUTIES IN THE BOIS.

Photograph by Manuel.



THE MARRIAGE OF "WESTMINSTER BRIDGE": SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE AND HIS BRIDE AFTER THEIR WEDDING. Sir Frederick Bridge, the well-known organist of Westminster Abbey, was married on the 14th to Miss Marjory Wood, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald N. Wood, of Bignell End, Staffordshire. The ceremony took place in St. Faith's Chapel at the Abbey.

Photograph by C.N.



LEAVING ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA: MR. F. H. HARRISON AND HIS BRIDE AFTER THEIR WEDDING. Mr. Frederick Herman Harrison (son of Mr. T. H. Harrison, J.P., of Broxbourne), and Miss Ethel Mary Hume were married on the 15th. The bride is the elder daughter of Colonel J. J. F. Hume, commanding the Welsh Border Infantry Brigade.

Photograph by Photopress.



*Continued from page 95.*

Company are possessed of fair resources, but only an exhausted mine, there can be no question as to the wisdom of acquiring new properties. We wish the Company every success in its new venture, but we fear it will be some time before the shareholders feel the benefit of any new development, and we expect to see the shares go considerably lower in the meantime.

Too much importance should not be attached to the present price of plantation first latex crepe. There is no doubt that a "bear squeeze" is taking place in this particular quality, and as soon as the shorts have covered the price will react sharply.

The report issued a little while ago by Modder B Gold Mines fully confirms the good opinion we have once or twice expressed as to this Company's prospects. Further details would have been welcome, but all the facts and figures given are satisfactory. The ore milled showed an improvement in both quantity and value, while working costs were reduced by 1s. 4d. a ton. Ore-reserves are considerably higher, as also their average value. Altogether, the outlook is distinctly promising.

The idea of providing motorists with fuel at a cheap rate seems to be particularly attractive to the company promoter. The latest prospectus of this sort is that of the Motor Fuel Corporation, Ltd. Like most of its predecessors, however, this prospectus is so delightfully vague that we cannot possibly recommend anyone to purchase shares either in the hope of securing cheap petrol or large dividends.

The Canadian Industrial Development Company is again getting busy with Nakamun Asphalt and Oil shares, which are offered at 4s. 4d. per share. We know of no business man in the City of London who would buy these shares at 4d. each, so we hope that none of our readers will be lured into buying them by the specious advertisements which are appearing at present.

We understand that the details of the scheme for the funding of the arrears of dividend on the Preference shares of the Bartholomay Brewing Company will be available very shortly. We believe the Preference shareholders will be offered Income Bonds, and, in view of the length of time which they would have to wait in order to receive their arrears in cash, even if the present prosperity were certain to endure for the necessary number of years, we think they would be wise to think twice before quarrelling with the terms offered them.

Although affairs in Brazil are not very flourishing, we have previously expressed the opinion that the troubles are only temporary; and so we think the City of Santos 6 per cent. Bonds are worth consideration as a high-yielding investment. Santos is the chief coffee port in Brazil, and one of the most prosperous towns in South America. The Bonds, which were issued about four years ago, are quoted at 97, and nearly £3 accrued interest is included in the price.

The latest traffic returns of the Cuban Railways were not exactly encouraging, but this was due partly to the Easter holidays and partly to wet weather, which necessitated the stoppage of some of the sugar-mills. It is simply a case of traffic delayed, however, and the rain should be of benefit to the tobacco crop, so there is no cause for despondency.

*Saturday, April 18, 1914.*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

SIBS.—We believe our information was correct and that you would therefore be wise to keep your shares for the present.

P. B.—The shares we recommended have advanced because of recent developments on the property, where additional areas have been proved to carry valuable deposits. It is not possible, therefore, to make any valuable comparison upon the data to which you refer.

F. C. D.—"Every cloud has a silver lining." You can rely on us to help you whenever possible.

J. M. W.—You appear to be in a position to get pretty good information, but we do not like the group in which you are interested. The present moment, however, hardly seems favourable for selling; but if there is any improvement in the market we should seize the opportunity to get out.

WICK.—(1) Perfectly sound and satisfactory. (2) Quite a different class of security, and not one that we should advise. (3) Very doubtful.

PLAYFUL (Belfast).—On no account have anything to do with the firm.

SALT.—(1) We do not advise unless you leave your broker discretionary powers while you are away. The rest are quite good.

N. S.—We see no reason for nervousness, and if you are content to wait, we feel sure you will see a recovery.

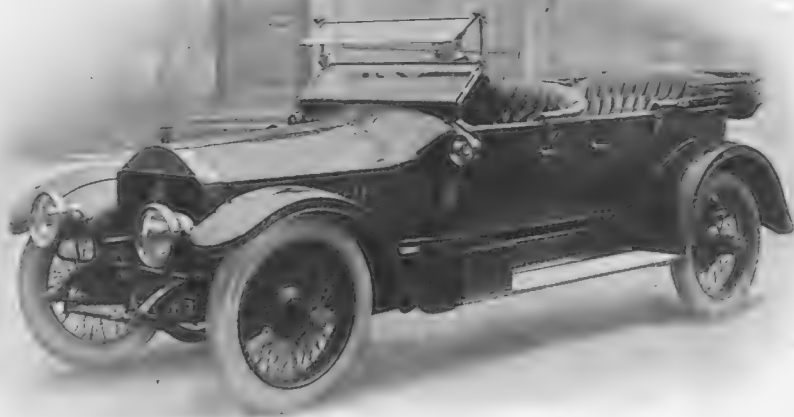
NOVICE.—We consider your selection perfectly sound from every point of view. The buyer is entitled to the dividend until the stock is quoted "ex dividend." We think you will find that the bank will see to this for you.

"CONSTANT READER."—Please send your name and address (which we shall not publish).

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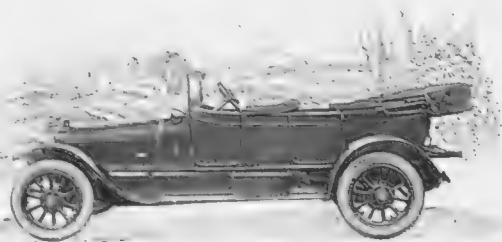
*Pamphlet H.W. 56 deals more fully with this question. Can we send you a copy or serve you in any other way? The British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria St., London, S.W.*

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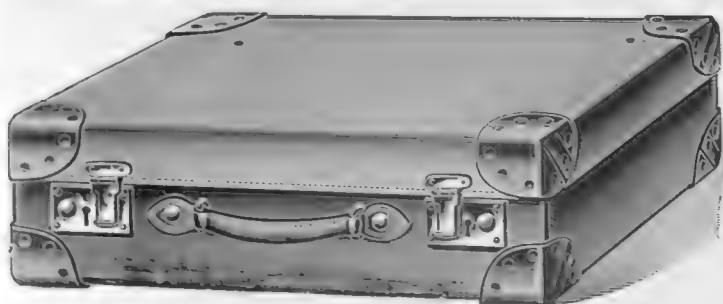
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F. Gardner

## The Clubman's Turf Accountant

"I knew, George; I knew. How? Just by the way you pull that cigar."

"Now that's funny. I thought I showed no symptoms."

"Ah! it takes an old 'hand' like me to note it—but never mind. You young, adventurous fellows will roam and have your experiences, I suppose."

"Well, haven't you had yours, too?"

"Not for years and years. I chose my Turf Accountant as carefully as I would choose—a wife."

"Now that's interesting, if not quite exciting. I never approached the matter in that way."

"Exactly! And that accounts for many things, including the aforementioned symptom. Pardon me; but transactions involving the exchange of money almost always come under the category of business—even racing transactions."

"But, my dear old chap, I don't make a business of my interest in racing."

"No, no; I don't say so; but if, and when, you back a horse, you should, as a matter of ordinary worldly wisdom, place your money through a House that realizes and acts up to its obligations in a genuine business and sportsmanlike way."

"For instance?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I personally have done all my business for nearly a quarter of a century through the House of Gant—and never a horse that I backed came home but I received a cheque in full and up to the minute. No mistakes and no waiting, even when you 'strike oil' with a big Double Event."

"Sounds jolly fine; but what sort of privacy do you enjoy?"

"Never a cause to complain. Your affairs are as secret as with a banking house, and you can always arrange your cheques to be paid in whatever name you signify. You are on safe ground when you deal with the House of Gant."



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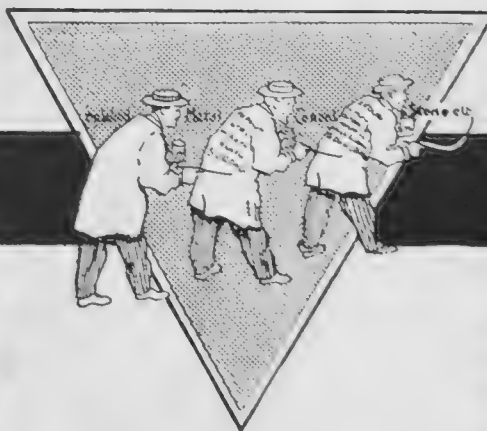
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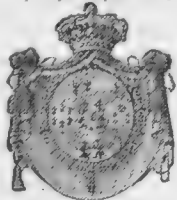
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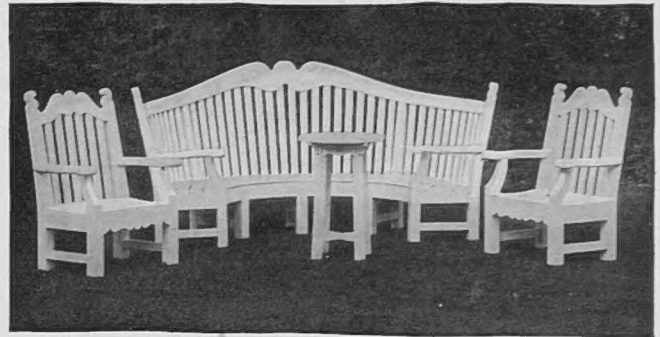
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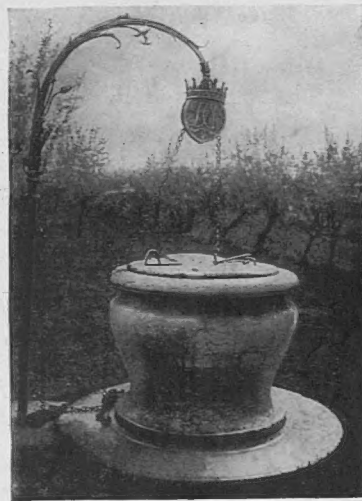
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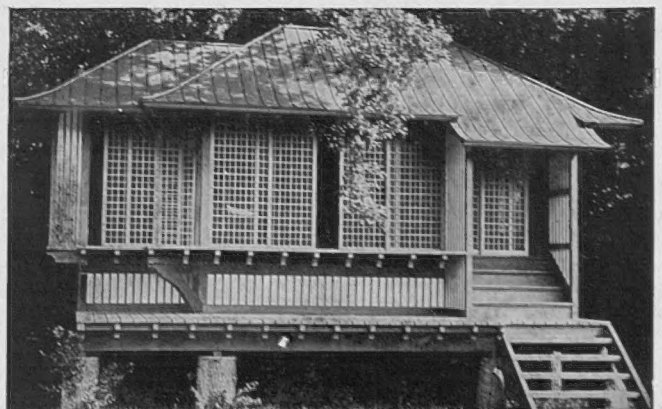
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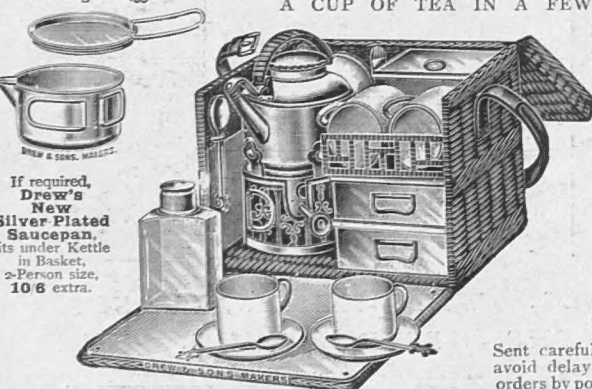
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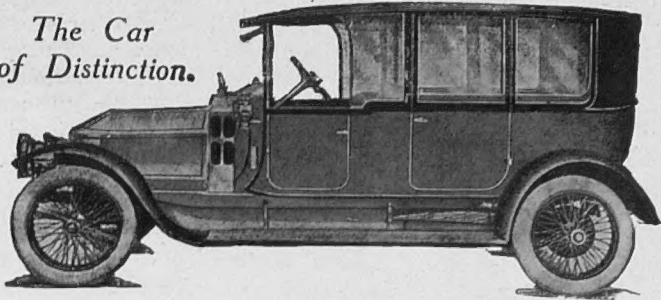
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## THE RETURN OF GRAND OPERA.

THE season that has just opened at Covent Garden differs in nothing but small details from its immediate predecessors.

There will be a full fourteen weeks of music, the best talent available has been secured, and the repertory has been arranged with an eye for the needs and predilections of the middle-aged and elderly, whose money keeps Grand Opera in our midst. Opera at Covent Garden is a conservative institution, and there is small occasion for surprise to find that novelties are but two in number—"The Three Kings" and "Francesca da Rimini." These operas come with the *cachet* of a success achieved elsewhere. Perhaps the one matter for serious regret is that Charpentier's "Julien" finds no place on the season's programme. The popularity of "Louise" had assured a public for its sequel, and in Paris at least "Julien" seems to have made many friends. Against this disappointment we may put the management's promise to revive Verdi's "Falstaff," an opera far too good to be left on the shelf while so much of the early Verdi gets a hearing. One source of added strength to the Syndicate is an arrangement with the Champs Elysées opera-house in Paris for an interchange of artists during the summer season. It is to this arrangement that we owe the possibility of hearing German and Italian opera in one week—of opening with "La Bohème" and Melba, and going on with the "Ring" and "Parsifal," with "Manon Lescaut" for a change before "Siegfried." From the standpoint of the habitués the change is a great improvement, and gives the programme of late April and May an elasticity it has not enjoyed since the rule of German music became rigid. Covent Garden is to be congratulated, too, upon securing the services of Nikisch to direct the "Ring" performances. Now that Dr. Richter has, to quote his own words, "burned his bâtons," there is no man who can conduct Wagner with equal authority. Mr. Albert Coates is getting a fine chance of showing the catholicity of his tastes as well as his capacity as a conductor, for he is to conduct "Parsifal" to-night (April 22), and "Manon Lescaut" to-morrow. The change from the sublime to the—Italian must be very striking.

All the old favourites will be heard at Covent Garden. Melba, who has so often brought a season to its close, has been chosen this year to open one; Caruso is due in the middle of May; that excellent conductor, Cleofonte Campanini, is returning to the scene of his many triumphs. We may be sure that the well-regulated machinery of Covent Garden will continue to work with the utmost smoothness until the end of July, producing without a hitch a different opera night after night in fashion that no other opera-house known to the writer can rival. If the house has been compelled by

the lessons of experience to rely upon old-fashioned programmes, it may claim at least to give them with an attention to detail and a strength of company that make every performance noteworthy.

It is worth noting that Covent Garden will leave ballet severely alone. It has drawn a sharp line between the familiar and popular works, of which in some instances it possesses the sole performing rights in England, and modern music and ballet. The music and ballets of Russia and works like "The Children of Don" will be left to Sir Joseph Beecham and Drury Lane. In this way all questions of rivalry are put out of court. Drury Lane, opening its doors a month later than Covent Garden, will present a programme that does not challenge its older competitor at any point. Those who want Russian music and Russian dancing will go to Drury Lane; those who want French and Italian opera (German productions will be at an end for the season by the end of May) will patronise the Grand Opera Syndicate. In all probability the lovers of Grand Opera and the countless summer visitors to the Metropolitan will fill both houses; between May and July at least there is an audience sufficient to keep more than two opera-houses full. Nothing more is demanded than a good programme: something that is either new and attractive or something that is very familiar and well done. There will be the double choice in town this year: the new work that the younger generation is so quick to acclaim, and the old work that appeals to people partly because of its tradition and partly because it is associated with the finest singers of the day.

It may be doubted whether the great singers are not in the long run the greatest attraction to those who only go to the opera now and again. A great artist will draw a full house to a second-rate opera, but second-rate singers will seldom succeed in drawing big audiences to a first-class work. This rule may not obtain on the Continent, where music, so to speak, is in the air; it does obtain to a considerable extent in London, where opera is still an exotic. Our experience of autumn seasons is conclusive on this point. Familiar and popular operas with Grand Season mounting and gifted artists would not fill the house, though the charges were no more than half those of Grand Season.

Stars are always popular; it becomes a part of the social duties to hear them, and to hear them as often as possible. Melba and Caruso at Covent Garden, Chaliapine at Drury Lane, are able to make a season, and, compared with their presence, the operas they sing become of relatively small importance. The faithful few who judge opera on its merits could not support a one-week season at any time of the year. Seeing that conditions are so little favourable to purely artistic achievement, the programmes London puts forward throughout the summer are remarkable.

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